

# THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

## DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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### HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE ROMAN DRAMA.

IN proportion as the Romans yielded to the habit of imitating the Greeks, they advanced into refinement, and receded from their characteristic roughness and ferocity. Their pace, however, was very slow, for imagining rudeness and brutality to be synonymous with independence, they indulged and prided themselves in an adherence to their original coarseness and despised the manners of the Grecians, as the latter did those of the Persians, for their extreme refinement and effeminacy. Of the drama there is not to be found a trace on the records of Rome till more than three hundred and fifty years after the building of the city. The people had revels and brutal debauches at which rude compositions filled with raillery and gross invective were sung, accompanied with indecent action and lascivious gestures. But the raillery they used was so personal and calumnious that riots constantly ensued from the resentment of the injured parties, in consequence of which the senate passed a law, in the three hundred and second year of the city, condemning to death any person who should injure the reputation of his neighbour.

It was a full century after that law when, on occasion of great public calamity, they, in order to appease the divine wrath instituted feasts in honour of the gods, and those feasts for the first time exhibited a sort of irregular theatrical performances, composed wholly of imitation. The actors in those may in all probability be placed on a level with those called Mummerys in Great Britain, and Livy describes them as *Balladines* who travelled to Rome from Tuscany. Though their merit could not have been great, they were very much applauded. Applause produced improvement, and they soon formed themselves into companies called *histrioni*, who performed regular pieces called *satires*. These, which were at best entitled to no higher rank than bad farces, kept exclusive possession of the public regards for a hundred and twenty years.

It was at the end of that period, and about two hundred and forty years before the Christian æra that the first play performed after the manner of the Greeks, was brought forward in Rome, by *Livius Andronicus*, the earliest of the Roman dramatic poets. He turned the personal *Satires* and *Fescenine* verses so long the admiration of the Romans, into regular form and dialogue, and though the character of a player, so long valued and applauded in Greece, was reckoned vile and despicable among the Romans, *Andronicus* himself acted a part in his dramatic compositions. At the time of *Cicero* the works of this poet were obsolete; yet some passages of them are preserved in the *Corpus Poetarum*.

It is related of *Livius Andronicus* that he at first formed and sung his pieces in the manner of his predecessors, despairing of being able to accomplish any improvement in the Roman theatre, but that one day being surrounded by the multitude and excessively fatigued, he called a slave to relieve him while he recovered his breath. Displeased with the bungling manner in which the slave performed this new task, *Livius* rebuked him very severely, the slave justified, the master replied, and a dialogue ensued which the spectators imagining to be a part of the plan of the piece, greatly applauded. The drama at once broke upon their view in



a new and superior aspect—they perceived that it was in familiar colloquial communications, such as men use in real life, that human affairs and the hearts of men could be justly imitated, and Andronicus taking advantage of this singular and felicitous incident, composed and represented regular dramas in dialogue.

To Livius Andronicus is due the praise of having first refined the Roman taste in dramatic poetry, as Ennius had but a short time before done in Epic, by introducing the Greek model, as the standard of literature. Both were, according to Suetonius, half Greeks, and were masters of both languages. The taste for tragedy, however, held its ground but for a short time ; for the Romans, as fickle as ferocious, soon grew weary of it, and were falling back into their barbarous enjoyment of gladiators and cruel spectacles, when the poet Pacuvius arose, and restored tragedy as far as it could be restored among such a people. He was a nephew of Ennius, and, by descent, tinctured with the Grecian manner. Pacuvius was not only a poet of considerable merit, but a painter also, whose productions were greatly admired ; particularly his decorations of a temple of Hercules, which Pliny has mentioned with lavish praise.

To Pacuvius succeeded his disciple Accius, whose first drama appeared in the very same year that Pacuvius produced his last. By the advice of his master he chiefly adhered to the subjects which had before made the business of the dramatists of Athens, translated several of the tragedies of Sophocles into the Latin language, and wrote a vast number of pieces, some of which were comedies. Thus he gained a considerable share, and in fact reaped the harvest of which Andronicus and Pacuvius had sown the seed. Thus it often happens in life that the fruits of one man's virtues, genius, and industry are devoured by a successor.\*

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\* The writer of this remembers to have had a curious illustration of this several years ago from Dr. Colley Lucas, then surgeon general

Yet Accius was unquestionably a lofty and excellent poet, though his style was censured for harshness. Being told of this fault by Pacuvius, he replied "I have no cause to be ashamed of it: I shall hereafter write the better for it. It is with genius as with fruit, that which is sour, grows sweet as it ripens, while that which is early mellow rots before it ripens.

No man was held in higher respect than Accius. He received the greatest marks of honour at Rome. A high magistrate severely reprimanded a man for uttering the name of Accius without reverence; and an actor was punished for mentioning his name on the stage. His exalted opinion of his own dignity may be inferred from the following anecdote respecting him, transmitted to posterity by Valerius Maximus. Once when Julius Cæsar entered an assembly of poets, Accius alone abstained from rising to do him homage. He respected Cæsar as much as any of them, but he thought that in an assembly of the learned, the superiority lay on the part of the poets, and the grandeur of the greatest conqueror was diminished before the lustre of the best writer.\*

As the writings of Livius Andronicus, Pacuvius and Accius constitute the first epoch in the Roman drama, they are generally spoken of together, and the best critics of antiquity mention them with high commendation and respect. Of the first, much less is known than of the other two. He is nowhere, that we know of, spoken of directly, but often collaterally. He is sometimes coupled with Ennius—the praise of

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for the East India company's establishment at Madras. Lucas was the son of the celebrated Irish patriot, Doctor Charles Lucas. When the parliament voted Mr. Grattan £50,000 for doing what had been done before to his hand by Lucas and Flood, Colley speaking of it said, with some bitterness, "Ay, my father laid the egg—Flood hatched it, but Grattan has run away with the chicken."

\* This reminds us of Doctor Johnson's proud observation on Lord Chesterfield, "his lordship may be a wit among peers, but he is only a peer among wits."



invention is generally allowed him, and his name is brought forward by Horace rather for the purpose of marking an æra than of giving an opinion of his talents.

Ambigitur quoties uter utro fit prior ; aufert  
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Actius alti :  
 Dicitur Alfrani toga convenisse Menandro ;  
 Plautus ad exemplar siculi properare Epicharmi,  
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte  
 Hos ediscit, et hos areto stipata theatro  
 Spectat Roma potens : habet nos numeratque poetas  
 Ad nostrum tempus, LIVI scriptoris ab ævo.\*

From which lines it appears that in the time of Horace learning was considered to be the characteristic feature of Pacuvius and loftiness of thought that of Accius ; and Quintilian speaks of both in the following terms. “ Those splendid writers combined sublimity of conception with vigorous style in their tragedies ; and on the whole if they have not diffused through their compositions more gracefulness, it was not their fault, but the fault of the age they lived in.”

Unquestionably the first dramatic poets of Rome laboured under great disadvantages. They had not only to form a drama, but to mould to a taste for the reception of it a barbarous people, whose softest and most luxurious enjoyments partook of that ferocity which rendered that race terrible in

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\* Thus translated by Francis,

Whate'er disputes of ancient poets rise,  
 In some one excellence their merit lies ;  
 What depth of learning old Pacuvius shows !  
 With strong sublime the page of Accius glows ;  
 Menander's comic robe Afranius wears,  
 Plautus as rapid in his plots appears,  
 As Epicharmus ; Terence charms with art  
 And grave Cæcilius sinks into the heart.  
 These are the plays to which our people crowd,  
 'Till the throng'd playhouse crack with the dull load.  
 These are esteemed the glories of the stage  
 From the first drama to the present age.

the eyes of the world, but to the philosophic mind not truly great—never, in the slightest measure, amiable or estimable. Nature, moreover, had been ransacked by the Greek poets, so that nothing but imitation was left for the Romans, who in letters, science, or arts, and particularly in the drama, attained no excellence but in proportion as they copied their Grecian predecessors. Even their copies are allowed by their own best authors to be wretched productions when compared with the works of the great originals.\* Compared with Menander Terence was frigid and unaffecting, in sublimity even Accius was incomparably inferior to Eschylus, Pacuvius in philosophic knowledge to Euripides, and the whole body of the tragic writers of Rome, including Seneca, sink when put in competition with Sophocles.

A poet of the name of Seneca wrote some tragedies—but it yet remains, and in all likelihood will ever remain, undecided whether it was Lucius Annæus Seneca, the same who distinguished himself as a philosopher, and whose admirable moral sentiments have been given to the world in an English dress and arrangement, by Sir Roger Lestranger. There have not been wanting critics of considerable eminence to maintain that the name of Seneca was assumed in order to conceal that of the real author. Quintilian ascribes to him the tragedy of Medea. The Troas and the Hippolytus are also said to be of his composition, while the *Agamemnon*, the *Hercules Fureus*, and the *Thyestes* and *Hercules in Oeta*, are supposed to have been written by his father Marcus Annæus Seneca, the declaimer. Be the author of them who he may, there can be but one opinion on the merit of the compositions. The style is nervous and replete with beauties, but, according to the corrupted taste of the time in which they were written, abounds too much with ornament, is often turgid and inflated. Those tragedies, however, contain much good morality, conveyed in brilliant sentences and illustrated by lofty and glowing imagery.

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\* See last number page 351, 352.



As it became the fashion of every writer of eminence, as well as every pretender to letters, among the Romans to dabble with the drama, there were a multitude of tragic poets whose names were soon forgotten, and many whose names alone are incidentally mentioned while their works shared the fate of their bodies, and were buried in their graves. *Gracilius* wrote a tragedy called *Thyestus*; *Catullus* one intitled *Alcmeon*; *Cæsar* *Adrastus*; *Augustus* *Ajax*; *Mæcenæ* *Octavio*; and *Ovid* *Medea*. *Marcus Attilius* translated the *Electra* of *Sophocles* into Latin verse, and wrote some comedies also, but in language so barbarous and unintelligible that it procured him the name of *Ferreus*, or the iron poet. A poet of the name of *Publius Pontonius*, a relative and bosom friend of *Pliny*, wrote tragedies which were greatly admired by the emperor *Claudius*: and he was of so bold and independent a temper, that when ordered by the emperor to strike certain passages out of one of his plays, he peremptorily refused, and said he would appeal to the people. This man was a great soldier as well as a poet, and once had the honour of a triumph.

There were many others—*Diodorus* an Alexandrian of whom *Strabo* speaks handsomely, and *Sulpitius* whose eloquence *Cicero* has praised, calling him the tragic orator. All those had their day of celebrity, as our *Lewises*, *Reynoldses*, &c. &c. have now, but their productions have long since been buried in oblivion, and there is reason to believe that the world has greater cause to rejoice at, than regret their loss.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## ACCOUNT OF LE KAIN.

*The celebrated French Actor.*

HENRY LOUIS LE KAIN, born at Paris in 1729, of parents employed in the trade of a goldsmith, was himself designed for that business, after having received a careful education. He excelled, from his earliest youth, in the manufacture of chirurgical instruments, and was already known as a skilful artist in that way, when his inclination for the stage caused him to neglect his profession, in order to declaim tragedy. He sought for an opportunity of playing in public : he had the good fortune to be introduced to M. de Voltaire, who had at that time, in the street of *Traversiere*, a small theatre, where this great man loved to make a trial of the pieces he had newly composed. The celebrated tragic poet soon discovered in Le Kain the actor who seemed formed to feel and express the sublime beauties of his performances. He gave him frequent lessons ; he made him give up every pursuit except that of the theatre, and lodged him in his own house. Le Kain played successively the parts of *Leide* and *Mahomet*; and astonished and delighted his master by his forcible manner of playing. He transported him by pronouncing these words in the fifth act of *Mahomet*—" *Il est donc des remords!*" —Voltaire could not contain his admiration, and the actor has acknowledged that he never felt a more lively and profound sensation than he did at that moment. To be brief he made his appearance on the French stage, in the part of *Titus*, in the tragedy of *Brutus*, and that of *Leide*, in *Mahomet*.

Nature had given to Le Kain a disadvantageous countenance, a thick and rough voice, a short figure, and, indeed, appeared to oppose almost insurmountable obstacles to his success : but art developed the feelings concentrated on his heart, animated his whole person, suggested to him the most graceful attitudes, strengthened his voice, and impressed in



every motion of his body the grand character of passion. Indeed, in the parts of *Orosmanes*, *Tancred*, *Mahomet*, *Gengiskan*, *Bayard*, &c. he appeared superior even to nature, and every object was eclipsed around him. He fixed the attention and interest of every spectator. Nevertheless, Le Kain had not only to conquer nature, but also the efforts of envy, the intrigues of the green-room, and of the fashionable world, and the precipitate opinions of bad judges. The *parterre* alone constantly admired and applauded him. His debüt continued seventeen months, and every body anticipated his disgrace, when he was appointed to play before the court the part of *Orosmanes*. Even Louis XV, had been prejudiced against him. But that king, who possessed judgment, intelligence, and a natural taste that nothing could pervert, appeared astonished that any person should have formed so ill an opinion of the new actor, and said—" *Il m'a fait pleurer, moi qui ne pleure guere.*"—*He has drawn tears from me, 'albeit unused to the melting mood.'* This expression was sufficient. He could not do otherwise than admit him into his company. The French theatre possessed at that time, in tragedy, Dumesnil, Gaussin, Clairon, Sarrasin, Lanoue, &c. and this combination of eminent talents gave to the stage a degree of perfection and eclat, which will hardly ever be seen again. It served to form the style of Le Kain, and to unite in this actor all the perfections of which he was then a witness, and of which he afterwards became the preserver and the model. It is well known that Le Kain and Mad. Clairon cast off the ridiculous dresses of the old actors, and consulted the costume of their characters, and that they were the first who established it on the French stage. Le Kain himself designed dresses suitable to his parts : he spared nothing to render them as brilliant as he judged necessary, at a time when these decorations were very indifferent. He paid equal attention to all the *minutiæ* of the performance. He made himself master of the scene, and at one view commanded every surrounding object. He was well versed in history, letters, and every species of knowledge connected with his art. He was

passionately fond of poetry, and nobody knew how to recite verses better than himself. Le Kain carried into company much of simplicity, a deal of information independent of his professional knowledge, good sense, wit, and sometimes gaiety, although his character, in general, was inclined to melancholy, in consequence of being so constantly employed in conceiving and expressing the higher passions. It were vain to attempt to analyse his talents ;—they who have seen him play can alone form any just idea of them. He was not an actor ; he was the very person he represented. He finished his theatrical career with the part of *Vendôme*, in *Adelaide Duguesclin*, eight days before his death. Just before he went on the stage, he said, he felt an ardor that he had never felt before, and that he hoped to play his character very well. In fact, he appeared to surpass himself ; he astonished and charmed the whole audience, and he could not refrain from an indulgence upon this occasion which he seldom allowed himself. He appeared to give out the play, and received the loudest applause from all parts of the theatre, which was continued long after he had quitted the stage.

This fine actor, it is said, from an imprudent exposure of his health, was seized with an inflammatory fever, which in four days brought him to his grave. He met the approaches of death without alarm, and surrounded by his friends, resigned himself cheerfully to his fate. He died on the 8th of February, 1778.

The manner in which Le Kain made his way to distinction, on the French stage, is very remarkable, and it proves that a performer may sometimes be a better judge of his own abilities than the manager ; but how few actors are there that possess the talents of Le Kain, and how numerous are those who *think themselves* equal to the most arduous and conspicuous characters in the drama.

When Le Kain first appeared on the French stage, Grandval played the principal tragic characters. He did not perceive the talent of Le Kain ; he saw only the natural de-



fects of this sublime actor, and knew not how to appreciate the sensibility and intelligence which so amply atoned for them.

Le Kain, nevertheless, vegetated, for more than sixteen months in the rank of a pensioner. At length, disgusted with his situation, the impetuous Le Kain went in search of the haughty Grandval, and, without being intimidated at the uncivil reception he met with, said to him—"I come, sir, to request that you will let me play *Orosmanes* before the king."—"You, Sir," said Grandval; "*Orosmanes*! before the court!—Surely you are not serious—do you mean to ruin yourself at once?"—"I have weighed every thing, Sir," replied the young tragedian; "I know the risk I run. It is time in short, that my fate were decided."—"Very well, Sir, said Grandval, "I consent to your playing the part; but if the result should turn out contrary to your wishes, remember that it is entirely your own act." Le Kain withdrew, and hastened to study, with the attention due to the important task he had undertaken, the character he was about to perform.

The day arrived—the new actor appeared on the stage. His figure and height excited at first some surprise, and even the women, accustomed to the grace and handsome person of Grandval, suffered a slight murmur, of disappointment to escape them. Le Kain had foreseen this; he was not astonished at it; but the little vexation he felt at it gave him additional energy, and the success he experienced in the first act prepared the way only to his triumph in those which succeeded. In proportion as the interest of the scene advanced, his soul expanded itself over and beamed through his features; and soon the eyes of every spectator, dimmed with the tears that overflowed them, could no longer distinguish whether the actor was beautiful or ugly, and he left nothing upon the minds of the audience but the most powerful impression of the feelings which had animated him through his whole performance.

After the representation, the first gentleman of the chamber asked his majesty what he thought of him. The king made the reply which we have quoted above.

This reception, so novel in its nature, astonished his brother performers ; but they were obliged to yield to his superiority, and Grandval, who acknowledged his error, no longer delayed to put *Le Kain* in possession of the first characters in tragedy.

*Le Kain* published shortly after his success, the following particulars of his first connexion with M. de Voltaire, to which he prefixed this expressive motto from the play of *Oedipus*.

“ L’amitié d’un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux.”

“ May I not be permitted to boast of a title which at once fixed my condition, my fortune, and the happiness of my life ? The brief account I am about to give, will justify the motto I have chosen, which may, at the first view, have the appearance of too much vanity.

“ The peace of 1748 reviving amusements of every kind in the city of Paris, gave birth at the same time to the institution of several societies of citizens, who assembled together to enjoy the pleasure of acting plays.

“ The first was established at the hotel de *Soyecourt*, St. Honoré ; the second at the hotel de *Clermont-Tonnerre*, Marais ; and the third at the hotel de *Jabac*, in the street of St. Mery. Of this last theatre I was the founder.

“ Of all the young people who acquired celebrity upon these stages, and some of whom are settled in the provincial theatres, I am the only one who have obtained a situation in Paris ; and for this favour I am indebted more to my good stars, than to my poor talents. The circumstances which led to it are these.

“ The proprietor of the hotel de *Jabac*, being obliged to make some repairs on the inside of the hall which we occupied, laid us under the necessity of requesting permission from the comedians of *Clermont-Tonnerre*, to play alternately with them upon their stage. It was stipulated between us, in the month of July 1749, that we should pay a moiety of the



expenses ; and accordingly we made our debût there with *Sidney* and *Georges Dandin*.

“ It may be easily conceived, that the competition of these two societies excited much difference of opinion in the public, the result of which could not be favourable to one company, without diminishing the credit with which the other had till then performed. Some divided in our favour, and some in favour of our rivals. ‘ These ladies,’ observed one party, ‘ are prettier than the other.’—‘ Ah !’ replied their neighbours, ‘ but then the latter have better knowledge of the stage, more grace and vivacity, &c. &c.’

“ In this manner the public amused themselves, and selected their favourites either from Messrs. de *Tonnerre*, or Messrs. de *Jabac*. But who could imagine that a society of young people, who attended to decorum in the midst of their amusements, would have excited the jealousy and complaint of the great disciples of *Melpomene*.

“ Through their interference we were obliged to shut up our theatre. A Jansenist priest, however, procured its re-establishment. M. l’Abbé Chauvelin of the parliament of Paris, condescended to interest himself for the *pupils*, in opposition to their *masters*, and got us to play *Le Mauvais Riche*, a five act comedy in verse, by M. d’Arnaud. The piece did not possess much merit in the opinion of the most brilliant assembly that was at that time to be met with in all Paris. This was in the month of February 1750.

“ M. de Voltaire was invited by the author to attend the representation : and whether it was to gratify M. d’Arnaud, or through pure kindness to the actors, who exerted themselves to the utmost to give effect to a very feeble and uninteresting drama, that great man appeared tolerably satisfied, and anxiously inquired the name of the person who had performed the part of the lover. He received for answer, that he was the son of a goldsmith at Paris, who played at present for his amusement, but who had a serious intention of making the stage his profession. He expressed to M. d’Arnaud a desire to be acquainted with me, and begged that

he would prevail upon me to go and see him the next day but one.

“The pleasure that this invitation afforded, was greater even than my surprise at receiving it. But I have never been able to describe what passed in my mind at the sight of this man, whose eyes sparkled with fire, genius, and imagination. When I spoke to him, I felt myself penetrated with respect, enthusiasm, admiration, and fear. I was almost overpowered by these several sensations, when M. de Voltaire had the goodness to put an end to my embarrassment, by opening his paternal arms, and *thanking God for having created a being who had moved and affected him in the recitation of such wretched verses*. He afterwards put several questions to me respecting my own condition, and that of my father; the manner in which I had been educated, and my future prospects in life. Having satisfied him in all these particulars, and taken my share of a dozen cups of chocolate mixed with coffee\*, I told him, boldly, that I knew no other happiness on earth than that of acting plays; that a severe and afflicting event having left me master of my actions, and enjoying a small patrimony of 750 livres a year, I had reason to hope, that by abandoning my father’s business, I should lose nothing by the change, if I might hope one day to be admitted into the king’s company of comedians.

“Ah, my friend!” cried M. de Voltaire, “never form this resolution. Be ruled by me; play comedy for your amusement, but never make it your profession. It is the finest, the most rare and difficult talent that can be; but it is disgraced by blockheads, and proscribed by hypocrites. At some future day France will esteem your art, but then there will be no more Barons, Lecouvreaux, nor Dangevilles. If you will renounce your project, I will lend you 10,000 francs to form your establishment, and you shall repay me when you

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\* This was M. de Voltaire’s only nourishment, from five in the morning till three in the afternoon.



can. Go, my friend, return to me towards the end of the week, reflect maturely upon my advice and proposal, and give me a positive answer.'

"Stunned, confused, and moved even to tears at the goodness and generosity of this great man, who had been called avaricious, severe and pitiless, I wished to pour forth my gratitude. I attempted to speak no less than four times, but was unable to articulate my thanks. I was about to retire, when he called me back, and requested that I would recite to him a few passages from the characters that I had already played.

"Scarcely knowing what I was about, I unfortunately proposed to declaim the great speech from *Gustavus*, in the second act—'No Piron! no Piron!' he cried out, in a thundering and terrific voice, 'I do not love bad verse; let me have all you know from Racine.'

"I luckily recollected, that when I was at the *College Mazarin*, I had learnt the entire tragedy of *Athaliah*, from having heard it often repeated by the scholars who were about to play it.

"I began, therefore, the first scene, speaking alternately the parts of Abner and Joad; but I had hardly finished, before M. de Voltaire exclaimed, with the highest enthusiasm—'Ah! my God! what exquisite verses! and how very astonishing it is that the whole play should be written with the same spirit, and the same purity, from the first scene to the last. The poetry is inimitable. Adieu, my child!' he continued, embracing me, 'I predict that you will possess a most heart-rending voice [*la voice déchirante*]; that you will one day be the delight of all Paris; but for God's sake never appear upon any public stage.'

"This is a faithful account of my first interview with M. de Voltaire: the second was more determinative, since he consented, after the most earnest solicitations on my part, to receive me as his pensioner, and to cause a small theatre to be erected near his dwelling, where he had the kindness to let me play in company with his nieces, and the whole society to

which I belonged. He expressed great dissatisfaction at learning that it had hitherto cost us a good deal of money to afford the public and our friends amusement.

“ The expense to which this establishment put M. de Voltaire, and the disinterested offer that he had made me a few days before, proved to me, in the strongest manner, that his conduct was as generous and noble as his enemies were unjust, in attributing to him the vice of avarice.

“ These are facts of which I have been the witness. I owe yet another acknowledgment to truth. M. de Voltaire not only assisted me with his advice, for more than six months that I lived with him, but he also defrayed all my expenses during the same period ; and since my admission into the theatre, I can prove that I have received from his liberality more than 2000 crowns. He calls me at this moment his *great actor*, his *Garrick*, his *dear son*. These are titles that I owe entirely to his kindness. I only presume to call myself his respectful pupil, who feels every sentiment of gratitude for his disinterested acts of friendship.

“ Ought I not so to feel, when it is to M. de Voltaire alone that I am indebted for my first knowledge of the art I profess, and from respect to him, that M. the Duc d’Aumont, granted the order for my *debût* in the month of February, 1750 ?

“ By constant perseverance upon every occasion I have now, in the month of February, 1752, after a *debût* of seventeen months, surmounted all the obstacles raised against me both by the city and the court, and procured myself to be inserted on the list of King’s comedians.”



LIFE OF WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE BAEVIAD AND MAEVIAD, AND TRANSLATOR OF JUVENAL.

*(Continued from page 367.)*

THE repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered, and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back to that part of my life, which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the

spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left. So I crept on in silent discontent ; unfriended and unpitied ; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour ; and whenever I took my solitary walk with my Wolfius, in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me : it revived at the first encouraging word : and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me : I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful ; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured ; for the business of the shop went on no better than before : I comforted myself, however, with the reflection, that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment forever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.



It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him : his first care was to console : his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich : his eminence in his profession which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment ; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded ; he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence ; that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing ; he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair ; and when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome. I had eighteen months yet to serve ; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect ; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man ; he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper ; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart : it ran thus, " A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more

than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-six-pence : enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship (the sum my master received was six pounds) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected : I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me ; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me ; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the university. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first ; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College : and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became



capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the Classics ; and indeed I do not know a single school book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others JUVENAL engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holyday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this (I was not undelighted with it myself) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors ; I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton (afterwards Rector) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter : I did so and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires (I mention them in the order they were translated) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires : the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design ; it was very generally approved of by my friends ; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than

of my talents : neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance. I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal ! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies : I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them : but for these as well as every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two ; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantage might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before he had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.\* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support : the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected ; and it was feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case ; the desertion, however, was not general ; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship, of Servington Savery, a

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\* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801 : twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness : I yet cherish his memory with filial respect : and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.



gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed :\* to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end : and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the Classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages : by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils : this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college : it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears the most dis-

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\* Many of these papers were distributed ; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these. " The work shall be printed in quarto (without notes) and be delivered to the subscribers in the month of December next."

" The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

tant resemblance to talents : for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed, and tranquilized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names : but alas, what a mortification ! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country (the Rev. Servington Savery) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan ; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it: and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments ; and trusted a sum of money to make others with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful : even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work (which I was still secretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased, by



notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years ; perhaps I was not too sanguine : the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in a cover, and sent to Lord GROSVENOR : one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice ; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford ; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town ; to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life ; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more ; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he had charged himself with my present support, and future establishment : and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course : they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him ; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this : a period of twenty years !

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years : years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace : my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether ; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description I have already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbade the thought ; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public.

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—majora canamus.



## FOR THE MIRROR.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. HODGKINSON.

*(Continued from page 380.)*

WE have now brought the extraordinary personage who makes the subject of this memoir to that time of life when his character assumes a high rank, and his conduct an importance, which entitle him to a much more serious consideration from the reader. As a strict regard to truth forbids us to deny that, in common with all his fellow creatures, he deserves censure for some part of his conduct in life, so candour, and indeed common integrity, enjoin it upon us to accompany that acknowledgment with all such circumstances, and the reasonings upon them that occur to us, as may serve to extenuate the criminality of those acts, and to show that his misconduct was the natural, or rather the necessary and inevitable result of the circumstances to which he was exposed, and nothing more than the every-day issues of human infirmity. If in discharging the office of a biographer, and canvassing the character of the dead, we are compelled to utter truths that will be unwelcome to many a heart, and to speak lightly of the bad members of a profession for the good ones of which we have a high respect, let it be remembered that we do it perhaps reluctantly, but certainly in obedience to the imperious commands of a duty paramount to all form and ceremony, which dictates that truth must be investigated, no matter what galled jade may feel its withers wrung by it.

The indiscriminating, unjust, and illiberal spirit of persecution, with which actors have been followed up for ages, has not a greater enemy in any bosom upon earth than in ours; and we should not only libel the opinions we have uniformly avowed, but violate our conscientious persuasion, and suppress truth if we neglected to state that a multitude of the ladies and gentlemen of that profession, justly stand as high in moral character, as any of those who,

in the other departments of life, are most conspicuous for virtue and nice honour. The time was, indeed, when instances of the kind were so very rare, that they were scarcely credited, and when the general maxim was, that the public had nothing to do with the private lives of performers. But now, when the spotless purity of successive actresses in England has so far diminished the prejudice entertained against the body, that actresses of irreproachable character are received into good company, and many of them even married into high families, a correspondent ambition on their part fills most ladies of the stage with an honourable spirit of emulation in the race of fame; while, on the other hand, the people exercise a very rigid scrutiny upon the stage, hold the actresses amenable for their private conduct, and declare that they will not suffer one who is notoriously vitious to come forward on the stage and make a mockery of discretion by uttering the precepts of virtue.

Still, however, there hang about the stage in every country too many actresses of abandoned character. As may well be supposed, the private attachments of those are as perfectly feigned, as any of the passions or characters they represent in public, and their allurements are employed chiefly, if not solely, for the gratification of their vanity, or the furtherance of their pecuniary interest. Here and there, may perhaps be found an example of the influence of personal love: but in general they make their charms tributary to their purses, and to their standing in the theatre. To prove this it need only be stated as a general rule, to which there are but very few exceptions, that in England the greatest favourites with that class of females, and those for whose preference they most artfully vie with each other, is some ordinary, or perhaps hoary manager, who, if he be so disposed, is sure to carry away those precious prizes from the finest youths or prime men of the theatre, unless to youth and personal elegance the latter should add great professional merit and the power and influence consequent to it.



A moment's consideration will show that, for the purposes of women of this description, there could not possibly be found a more hopeful object than such a young person as Hodgkinson must necessarily have been at this period of his life. Unassisted by early instruction

—No parent's care

Shielded his infant innocence with prayer;

No father's guardian hand his youth maintained;

Called forth his virtues or from vice restrained.

Raised by his own talents and industry to great celebrity, and at a time of life, when others have not ventured to cross the threshold of the profession, honoured with the patronage of the first dramatic personage living, it would be a miracle if he had not been rendered giddy by his unexpected height. He had as yet had no experience to make him wise, no sufferings to make him cautious. From his boyish days he was compelled, by the necessity of his situation, to associate with persons of all others the most likely to corrupt his morals, and continually exposed to dangers which he was incapable of suspecting, and therefore could not defeat. On the other hand every circumstance attending his condition had a tendency to intoxicate his brain: the first dawn of manhood broke upon him with the dazzling glare of a full and fervid prosperity, which no modesty could prevent him from knowing to be the fruits of his own extraordinary merit. Along with this, his personal endowments, which were of themselves sufficient in private life to have filled the best regulated young mind with vanity, were the continual subject of public approbation—his face was remarkably handsome, he was tall, well proportioned, and graceful. He had one of the finest voices in England, and played well on several musical instruments. These not only disqualified him for resisting, but increased the amount of the temptations that surrounded him. Thus, while his personal accomplishments fitted him for gaining the affections of the sex, fortune made

him a desirable prey for their cupidity. The breath of flattery blew upon him in every direction, and inflamed his vanity and self-love, while all the wiles and allurements which artful wantonness could practise upon unsuspecting youth, were played off against his heart; and thus his passions, which in all probability were complexionally strong, became ungovernable. Coarse undisguised flattery too often makes its way to the hearts of the wisest and the best—How then could a poor youth like Hodgkinson be expected to refuse it, when administered by beauty, and disguised by elegance and refinement.

Co-ordinate with the rise of his fame and fortune therefore was the growth of the evils which were fated to endanger the one, and to make shipwreck of the other; and his professional success and his gallantries, running parallel to each other like the two wheels of a gig, left their marks on every road he travelled in the north of England, to the great delight of the major part of his profession, who sickened at his superiority, and exulted in every thing that threatened to injure his reputation and degrade him in the eyes of the public. Nor did their malice want subjects to work upon: The *Statiras* and the *Roxanas* by turns got possession of our young *Alexander*, and the demon of licentiousness seems to have exercised more than his customary dominion over the ladies, for the ruin of the young man. In whatever company Hodgkinson played, he became the object, too often the victim of their arts, and some unfortunate husband or lover had to deplore the unconcealed infidelity of his *cara sposa*. Nay, in one instance, theatrical sovereignty itself found its rights invaded, and had to lament a treason which it could not punish. In plain English, the wife of one of his managers played "All for love, or the world well lost," and ran away with him. It was on this occasion he left the northern line of theatres, and joined the company of Bath and Bristol, whither his great professional fame had preceded him.



Persons are every day to be found, who having enjoyed the advantages of early instruction, imbibed in childhood the principles of religion, and grown up in the practice of virtue under the control of a well regulated restraint, have not only deviated lamentably from the paths of rectitude, but been willing to call in sophistry to disarm conscience, or as doctor Johnson says, to lull their imaginations with ideal opiates. Can it appear surprising then that a hot-brained giddy youth like Hodgkinson should find it easy to compound that affair, immoral as it was, with his conscience, and to let it pass by, without making any beneficial impression upon his morals. That there was something belonging to it, which, aided with his sophistry, served to diminish the guilt of it in his eyes, is pretty certain. Hodgkinson was naturally benevolent and just, and filled with those sentiments and sympathies which engender pity for the injured and regret for doing wrong; yet of the man whom he had thus injured, he many times spoke with bitterness and reproach. One day this writer questioned him upon the subject in the warmth of friendship: "How comes it to pass, Hodgkinson, that you never hear the name of —— mentioned without treating it with an asperity foreign to your usual way of speaking, and indeed contrary to your natural disposition?" "He wronged me, most wickedly wronged me," was the answer—"He endeavoured to crush me in my youth."—"You were even with him, then, with a vengeance," replied this writer. "You have heard that unfortunate affair then," said he. "Yes, I have."—"It was greatly his own fault, sir—very little mine. I was young, hot-headed, foolish, very foolish; but never meditated the affair you allude to. The woman was a wanton—I never suspected that the kindnesses she showed me were to lead to guilt. His jealousy stimulated her, and his injustice and malice fired me to revenge, and supplied me with specious arguments of justification. I am sorry it so happened on many accounts. I forgive him, but I cannot hear him mentioned without giving vent to my

opinion of him, which is, that he is a very bad fellow, with a very rancorous heart."

On his arrival at Bath, Hodgkinson became acquainted with some of the most respectable people, and was elected a member of the Noblemen's Catch-Club, which was composed of some of the first men in that part of England for rank and opulence. This was of itself, a very honourable mark of distinction, and a signal testimony of the respect in which his talents were held by those gentlemen. He continued to be a member of it, and conducted himself in a manner which every day increased their respect for him, till he left England.

While he belonged to the Bath and Bristol theatres he received an invitation to play at Brighton during the summer residence of the Prince of Wales there, with which invitation he complied. He had been advantageously mentioned to the prince, and his royal highness was desirous to see him perform. Upon this visit an incident occurred which we should think it unpardonable to omit mentioning, not only on account of its importance as it relates to our subject, but as it serves to throw a ray of light on the character of one of the most illustrious personages living.

The day after his arrival at Brighton, Hodgkinson took a walk, by himself, down the Stein side, and was studiously employed in conning over the part of Belcour in the *West Indian*, in which character he was that night to make his debut, when his attention was called off by loud words of men high in quarrel. He cast his eyes towards the place from which the noise issued, and perceived at a little distance a crowd apparently engaged in a tumultuous scuffle, he ran up, under the impulse of curiosity to see what the matter might be. Upon reaching the place, he found a well-dressed young man surrounded by a number of persons who looked like gentlemen and who struck at him together, while he, having got his back to a tree, gallantly defended himself, and returned their blows with much energy and good will. Foul play of that kind is rarely attempted in England, and when



attempted, seldom fails to bring down just chastisement from the standers by. In fact it is a thing never permitted by the people, who make it a universal rule to show fair play in all cases of quarrel, be the parties who they may ; so that if a battle takes place between an Englishman, and even a Frenchman, the latter is as secure of justice, and of his second, and of his bottleholder too, if necessary, as if he were a true-born Englishman. "Fair play, fair play! a ring, a ring! d—n my eyes why should not poor frog-eater have as fair play as any other?" The writer has heard this *John Bullish* effusion before now, and what was better, seen it generously and justly acted upon.

Hodgkinson was too much a man of that kidney to stand by, a tame spectator of such scandalous foul play, he therefore rushed through the croud, and joining the young man, made the assailants feel the force of his arm, which nature, aided by some skill in the pugilistic art, had in no ordinary degree qualified for that useful purpose. On the present occasion he acted under the impulse of a two-fold duty, first as a generous man bound to sustain the weak and oppressed against injustice and outrage, and secondly, as the person so injuriously attacked, was one who had, on his own private account, a claim to his friendship and assistance. The name of this young man was Fox; he had been a writer for some of the London prints, and having taken to the stage, was stationed with the Brighton company, when Hodgkinson being engaged there for a few nights, was particularly requested by a gentleman who had once been friendly to him, to do any service he could, and to take care of him, as he was very young, wild, and giddy.

The cause of the ungenerous assault upon the young man was this: he had written a very severe philippic on the well known lord Barrymore, and Mr. Barry, the brother of his lordship, having found means to discover it, they both vowed to take personal vengeance for the affront, the first time they could lay hands upon the writer. This day they were in

company with a set of gentlemen, some of whom were well suited to their *respectable* designs. Seeing young Fox in the walk on the Stein, Mr. Barry pointed to him and exclaimed, there, my lord, there is the rascal who libelled you! "Knock him down!" said one, "flog the scoundrel," said another, "break the villain's bones," said a third; and (very magnanimously, no doubt) they endeavoured to do it. But Fox, though young, was not so easy a conquest: To a frame, active, hardy, and muscular, nature had blessed him by bestowing on him a bold, intrepid, independent spirit, and his dauntless heart was no more to be intimidated by the blows and menaces of the MOB about him, than his mind was to be bent to respect for their rank and titles, when their conduct was a disgrace to both. He was, therefore, busily employed returning their favours in kind, when he was joined by Hodgkinson, who did not at the time know the person or name of one single being in the crowd, Fox alone excepted.

As soon as Hodgkinson appeared assisting his young friend "Here is another of the rascally players," exclaimed one of those gentlemen, "knock him down!"—"If you be really gentlemen, as you would be thought," said Hodgkinson, "give us fair play; turn out man to man, or even three of you to us two, and we'll fight you." Then finding that several of them continued to strike while the others urged them on, he exclaimed: "So, you cowardly gang of villains you want to murder us—then by Heavens we'll sell our lives dearer than you think of," and, still supported by Fox, laid about him with desperation. Just at that moment he heard a person on the outside of the mob cry out aloud, "D—n the rascal, knock his brains out—knock his brains out with your stick!" Hodgkinson, blind with rage, exclaimed in reply, "*D—n you, you cowardly rascal, and all your d—n'd breed.*" At this time a crowd of people ran up, and fair play becoming necessary, lord Barrymore and his friends thought proper to decline the battle. Among those who came up and dispersed the combatants, was his royal highness the prince of Wales.



Fox and his friend were severely beaten, and bore the marks of it; but what were the reflections of poor Hodgkinson when he learned that the very person to whom he had said "D—n you, you cowardly rascal, and all your d—d breed," was no other than that very duke who has since cut so conspicuous a figure in the annals of gallantry with Mrs. CLARK, of meretricious notoriety, or in other words the duke of York himself. By means which shall hereafter be related, the interest of the royal family had been engaged for Hodgkinson, and even the first personage of it had agreed to do him a signal favour, on his first appearance in London. What then must have been his mortification and regret to think that by one rash expression he had not only lost those bright prospects, but incurred the censure and abhorrence of every thinking man in the kingdom; since, however censurable the duke of York might be, it afforded no pretence for a general expression of disrespect to the whole of his family.

In the desperate state of mind which succeeded these reflections, Hodgkinson saw but one measure that was becoming him, or indeed safe for him to take; and he resolved to adopt it without delay—that was, to leave Brighton and live in retirement till the whole of the affair, with his total ignorance of the identity of the person he had insulted, should be universally understood, and his innocence be made apparent. To this end he directly went to the manager of the playhouse, laid the whole affair before him, and pointed out the absolute necessity there was for changing the play and giving him up his bond of engagement. "The prince of Wales," added he, "is omnipotent in Brighton; he is so beloved and admired here, that his will is the law of every one's conduct, the town will of course enter with violence into the resentment which his highness will justly feel, and therefore for me to appear before them after what has happened, will inevitably produce a riot which will probably end in the destruction of the house. It would be considered by the people, and very properly too, as an insult to them, for me to come forward in such circumstances."

Hodgkinson's remonstrances had no effect upon the manager, who peremptorily insisted upon his appearance in the character of Belcour, be the consequences what they might. This, Hodgkinson always considered as the most trying moment of his existence; and it was not until the manager swore that he would have him arrested before he could leave the county if he did not perform his engagement, that he could be prevailed upon to stand his ground, and face the storm that threatened him. The affair had got abroad, and when evening came, the house was uncommonly full, partly owing to the attractive circumstance of a celebrated actor's appearing among them for the first time, and partly to the curiosity of individuals to see what would be done to the new performer for the part he had played that morning on the Stein.

*(To be continued.)*



## MISCELLANY.

## QUIZZICAL CRITIQUE ON THE SONG OF

## "BILLY TAYLOR."

"Et tragicus dolet plerumque sermone pedestri :

"Telephus ac Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque

"Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba :

"Si curat cor spectantis, tetigisse querela."

*Hor. Art Poet.*

I hope that I shall not appear to degrade the office of criticism by making a ballad the subject of it, especially since that now before me is of so excellent a nature. If it is objected to, I must shelter myself under the authority of Addison, who has written a critique on Chevy-Chace, to which, I venture to affirm, this ballad is infinitely superior. That I may not appear too presumptuous in my assertion, let us proceed to the examination of this justly celebrated poem. I call it a poem—I had almost called it an epic, seeing it has a beginning, middle, and end : the action one, namely the death of the hero Taylor : it is replete with character, but suggested by incidents the most interesting and touching. Let us first examine it verse by verse. The author has no tedious prelude, not even an invocation ; but, like Homer, immediately enters into the middle of his subject, and in a few words gives us the name, character, and amour of his hero. Observe the gayety of the opening :—

"Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,  
"Full on-mirth and full on glee."

How admirably, how judiciously is this jocund beginning contrasted with the melancholy sequel ! how affecting to the reader's feelings when he reflects how soon Billy's joy will be damped ! Unhappy Taylor !—Let us proceed to the next lines :—

"And his mind he did diskiver  
"To a lady fair and free."

Taylor was a bold youth : he feared not to tell his mind to the lady ; he did not stand shilly-shally, like a whimpering lover. But we are here presented with a new character, a lady fair and free. Some commentators have thought that she was a lady of easy virtue, from the epithet free ; and indeed the violence of her love and jealousy seems to favour the suspicion : but let us not be too severe ; free may signify no more than that she was of a cheerful disposition, and thus of the same temper with her lover : *concordes animæ* ! Thus far all is pleasant and delightful : but the scene is now changed—and sorrow succeeds to joy.

“ Four and twenty brisk young fellers,  
 “ Drest they vas in rich array,  
 “ They kim and they seized Billy Taylor,  
 “ Press’d he vas and sent to sea.”

Taylor, the brisk, the mirthful Taylor is pressed and sent to sea. I cannot help observing here the art of the poet in letting us into the condition of Taylor : we may guess from his being pressed that he was not free of the city, and was most likely a journeyman cobbler, cobblers being famous for their glee. I will not positively say he was a cobbler : Scaliger thinks he was a lamp-lighter ; “ *adhuc sub judice lis est.*” But to proceed—Taylor is on board ship : what does his true-love ?

“ His true-love she followed arter,  
 “ Under the name of Richard Car ;  
 “ And her hands were all bedaubed  
 “ With the nasty pitch and tar.”

Many ladies would have comforted themselves with other lovers ; not so Billy’s mistress, she follows him ; she enters the ship under the name of Richard Car. She condescends to daub her lilly-white hands with the pitch and tar. What excessive love, and how ill rewarded ! I have two things to remark here. 1. Her disregard for herself in daubing her hands. When I consider a lady in Juvenal who did the same, I am led to think she was Billy’s mistress. But then



Billy disregards her ; this makes me think again she was his wife. Yet perhaps not ; Billy had got another mistress. 2. The second observation is upon the name she assumes, Richard Carr. Commentators are much divided upon this head ; why she chose that name in preference to any other. I must confess they talk rather silly on this topic ; I conjecture the name was given here because it was a good rhyme to tar ; this is no mean or inconsiderable reason, as the poets will all testify. But let the reader decide this at his leisure ; let us now proceed :—

“ An engagement came on the very next morning :

“ Bold she fit among the rest ;

“ The wind aside did blow her Jacket,

“ And diskivered her lily-white breast.”

Here was a trial for the lady : but she sustained it ; she fought boldly, fought like a man. But mark the sequel ; the wind blows aside her jacket ; her lily-white breast is exposed to the lawless gaze of the sailors ! Here was a sight ! no doubt it inspired them with double valour and gained them a victory : for they certainly were victorious, though the poet judiciously passes over the inferior topic, and hastens to his main subject.

The captain gains intelligence of her heroism, or in the musical simplicity of the original, “ kims for to know it :” with honest bluntness he exclaims “ Vat vind has blown you to me ?” The character of the sea captain is well supported : he does not say, “ how came you here ?” but in the characteristic language of profession, “ vat vind has blown you to me ?” The classical reader will be pleased also with the similarity this expression bears to a passage in the *Æneid* ; it is in the speech of Andromache to *Æneas* on a like occasion of surprise :

“ Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quæ fata dedere ?

“ Aut quisquam ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris ?”

It must be confessed, that the Latin is more pompous, per-

haps more elegant ; but what it gains in refinement, it loses in simplicity. The chief thing however to be remarked is, that the same language always suggests itself on the same occasion. But let us attend to the lady's answer :

“ Kind sir : I be kim for to seek my true-love,  
“ Whom you press'd and sent to sea.”

The pathos of this speech is inimitable. Observe with what art, or rather with what nature, it is worked up, so as to interest the feelings of the captain. First let us take a view of the speaker ; a woman, and her breast diskivered : she begins with, “ Kind sir,” which shows the gentleness of her disposition, and that she forgave the captain though he had pressed her true-love : she proceeds, “ I be kim for to seek my true-love,” who could resist this affecting narration ? A lady braving the dangers of the sea, and an engagement, to seek her true-love ! The last line has suggested to the commentators that the captain headed the press-gang himself. This is a matter of too much consequence for me to decide. But what effect has the speech on the rugged nerves of the captain ? All that could be expected or desired. He breaks out—observe the art of the poet !—no frigid preface of “ he said,” “ he exclaimed,” but, like Homer, he gives us the speech at once—

“ If you be kim for to seek your true-love,  
“ He from the ship is gone away :  
“ And you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,  
“ Valking vith his lady gay.”

The captain's feelings are taken by storm : he makes a full discovery of the retreat of the youth, and the company in which he is to be found. Some have thought it very odd that the captain should be so well informed of Billy's retreat and company ; and are of opinion that he connived at it ; but the captain might from the knowledge of human nature, and especially of sailors' nature, guess where and in what company Billy would be. Let not then the honest tar be con-



demned. As the poet has put down none, we may suppose the lady to be too much oppressed to make any answer to a speech so cutting and afflicting. Overwhelmed with anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge, she could not speak. Admirable poet, who so well knew nature ! “*parvæ curæ loquuntur, ingentes silent,*” and is not this silence more eloquent, more expressive, nay more awful, than all the angry words that could have been uttered ? it is the silence before the tempest : the awful stillness of revenge and death.

“ She rose up early in the morning,  
“ Long before ’twas break of day.”

Mark the impatience of revenge ! she will not even wait till day-break ; she gets (as we may suppose, though it is not declared) leave of absence, and goes on shore,

“ And she found false Billy Taylor,  
“ Valking with his lady gay.”

Infamous Billy Taylor ! while your mistress was braving for you the dangers of the ocean, you were reveling in the arms of another ! But your hour is come ! The character of Billy is inimitably well supported throughout, or, as Horace says—

“ Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat.”

’Tis true, he deserts his mistress ; but ’tis for a lady of similar disposition ; it is a lady *gay* with whom he walks : thus, though he is false, he shows himself *full of mirth* : he is still Billy Taylor. Mark the artifice of the poet ! Like Virgil who drops the epithet “*pious*” on a similar occasion, the poet here calls Billy by the appropriate epithet “*false*.” There is an elegance and simplicity perfectly Homeric in the repetition of the line, “*Valking with his lady gay*.”

“ Straight she call’d for swords and pistols,  
“ Brought they vas at her command.”

Let not the sceptical reader sneer, and ask where she got, or

who brought the swords and pistols. Some kind deity, willing to assist the purposes of her just revenge, interposed and brought her arms. Surely Horace would allow that this was "dignus vindice nodus." But to proceed :—

"She fell on shooting Billy Taylor  
"Vith his lady in his hand."

Here is an interesting incident ! here a melancholy subject ! what a scene for a picture ! On one side, a lady impelled by jealousy with a discharged pistol in her hand, and a face expressive of the triumph of revenge ; on the other Billy Taylor, stretched on the cold ground, with his hand in that of his lady, now we may suppose no longer gay, and perhaps weeping ! Observe, Billy died in the situation in which Tibullus wished to die : he held his mistress, "*deficiente manu.*"\* O ! come here all ye young men ! ye Billy Taylors for the world is full of you ! ye deserters of true-lovers, ye walkers with ladies gay, come here and contemplate ! Taylor, who a few days before was gay like you, is now alas "stone dead," or, to use the pathetic and expressive language of Falstaff—who by the by, was, like Billy, a gay deceiver—is now no better than a "shotten herring !

"When the captain kim for to know it ;

"He very much applauded her for what she had done."

From this passage, some have taken occasion to accuse the captain of a connivance with Billy's escape and connexion with a lady gay, that he might enjoy Billy's first mistress. But surely this is unfounded : the captain saw this mistress of Billy's by chance alone : and could not therefore be supposed to have a longing for a lady whom he had never seen till Billy had left the ship. Some have also accused the captain of cruelty, for applauding the lady for killing her lover. But

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\* Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.



these are unfounded and calumnious charges : it was a love of justice which induced the captain to applaud her : not that I positively say, that he might not also be swayed by the lady's beauty. The vehemence of the captain's applause is admirably displayed by the quantity of dactyls in the second line of this stanza. Let us proceed :

“ And he made her first lieutenant  
“ of the valiant Thunder-bomb.”

Many are shocked at the apparent indifference of the lady ; and foolishly condemn the poet for inconsistency. Such ignorant critics know nothing of the matter. Our poet, who is the poet of nature, did not mean to draw a perfect character, a “ sine labe monstrum,” but, like Homer, and Euripides, which latter he greatly resembles in his tenderness of expression, draws men and women such as they are. Still there is another objection started : how could a woman be made a lieutenant ? It must be confessed that though such things are not entirely unprecedented, that they are very singular : some have therefore thought this a decent allegory of the poet to express that she was the captain's chief mistress, his sultana ; and we must remember that she was a free lady, and, after the murder she had committed, glad of the *protection* of a captain. I hope the ladies will not be offended at this interpretation, and, since a recent inquiry, will pardon me the expression that conveys it.

It remains now to say something concerning the sentiments, characters, incidents, moral, and diction of the poem, and *αργωται απο πρωτων*, let us speak of the sentiments. These, as I observed before, are not, like Lucan's, obtruded upon the reader, but suggested by incidents. For instance, does not the circumstance of the lady's going to sea after her true-love suggest more than the most laboured declamation on the force of love ? When the captain is melted by the pathetic address, and lily-white breast of the lady, is it not clearly and expressively intimated how great is the power of weeping beauty pleading in a good cause, over even the boisterous

nature of a sailor? Again, when the lady shoots Billy Taylor, what a fine sentiment is to be discovered here of the power of jealousy? and in the death of Billy contrasted with his former gayety, who is there whose soul is of so iron a mould as not to be touched by the implied sentiment of the shortlivedness of human pleasure and enjoyment, when even the gay Taylor is overtaken by fate? This is a most masterly piece of nature; and I venture to pronounce that the man who is uninterested by it must have been born on Caucasus and nursed by she-wolves. I come now to the characters; and here it is that the chief art of the poet is displayed. It is wonderful to observe how many and how different characters are to be found in this short poem. To say nothing of the four and twenty "fellers" who are admirably characterized by the epithet "brisk;" we have the mirthful Taylor and the rugged sea-captain, the lady fair and free, and the lady gay. It may be objected that there is too great a sameness in the female characters: but no; the lady fair and free is brave and revengeful; the lady gay is simply gay, a mere insipid character, and introduced by the poet, no doubt, as a contrast to the turbulent and busy character of the other lady. The boisterous captain is a well-drawn and a well-supported character. He is rugged, honest, blunt, illiterate, and gallant. But it is the character of the hero Taylor which is drawn and sustained with the most art and nature. In the first place he is brave, although some have contradicted this, by saying that he did not go to sea voluntarily but was pressed, and then ran away the night before the engagement. But I will not believe he was a coward: no; let the critics remember that Ulysses did not go voluntarily to the Trojan war, and was always willing to escape when he could; and yet surely he was a hero. Thus have I proved the bravery of Taylor. He had also other requisites for a hero: he was amorous, like Achilles and Æneas, and he deserted his love like the latter. Then he was brisk and gay. I do not remember any hero exactly of this character. To be sure, Achilles laughs once in the Iliad, and Æneas in the Æneid;



but it does not appear to have been the general character of either of them, and especially of the latter, who was a whimpering sort of hero. It does not appear that Taylor resembled Æneas in piety ; but that is a silly kind of antiquated virtue, of which heroes of modern days would be ashamed, and which our poet has most judiciously omitted in the catalogue of Billy's qualities. Again, he resembles the heroes of antiquity in his untimely end, and in the cause of it—a woman. Thus Achilles was shot in the heel ; Ulysses was killed, though not very prematurely, by his son ; Æneas was drowned like a dog in a ditch ; and Alexander was poisoned. Then as to the cause : Sampson (though to be sure the polite reader will call that fabulous, and think me a fool for quoting such an old wife's tale) owed his death to a woman ; Agamemnon was even killed by a woman ; Hippolitus lost his life by a woman ; so did Bellerophon ; and Antony lost the world and his life too by a woman. Upon the whole Billy's is a mixed sort of character, composed of good and bad qualities, in which, according to the established character of heroes, the bad predominate. Thus, in the character of Achilles, it would be difficult to find a single good quality ; he is “impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,” and a great deal more of the same sort. Æneas is indeed pious : but then he is a perfidious deserter of an injured lady ; he invades a country where he has no right, and kills the man who has the audacity to oppose the usurper of his own throne, and the ravisher of his own wife. And as to Alexander, he was a mere brute : he overthrew cities, as children overthrow houses made of cards, for his mere amusement ; and, like the same children, wept when he had no more to knock down ; he killed some millions of men, for the same reason that country 'squires shoot swallows, for exercise, and because they have nothing else to do : and, in the time of peace and conviviality, he slew two of his best friends, merely to keep his hand in practice. Compared to these heroes, Billy is a perfect saint : and indeed I have often thought that he is too good for a hero ; and that a few rapes, and thefts, and

murders, would have made a very proper and interesting addition to his character. As to the incidents, I shall merely observe that they are numerous, well chosen, interesting and natural. Let me next speak of the moral to be drawn from the poem. Whether the poet, according to Bossu's rule, and Homer's and Æsop's practice, chose the moral first, I cannot pretend to say, though some, who resolve the whole poem into an allegory, favour that opinion. Certain it is, the moral is excellent: the ill effects of inconstancy; and I am sure the fair sex will be obliged to the poet's gallantry. There are also some of what I may call collateral truths to be derived from the poem; such as not to trust too much to prosperity, exemplified in the mirth and downfall of Taylor; and the reward of virtue, in the lady's being made a first lieutenant. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the diction, or, to speak metaphorically, the dress in which the story is clothed. It has all the requisites of a good style; it is concise, perspicuous, simple and occasionally sublime. The poetry is not of that tumid nature which Pindar uses, but of the graceful simplicity of Homer's verse. The poet has diversified the language by the intermixture of the Doric dialect, in imitation of the Greek tragedians; of this kind are the expressions, *vat vind*, *diskivered*, *I be kim*, and *for to know*. But what strikes me most is, the solemn, mournful, and pathetic beauty of the chorus, *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido*. The *Αι, αἰ*, and *φῆ, φῆ*, of Euripides and Sophocles, the *εεεε* and *οτοτοτο* of Æschylus, are comparatively frigid and tasteless. Yes; this *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido* is so exquisitely tender, and so musically melancholy, that I dare affirm, that the mind and ear that are not sensibly affected with it, are barbarous, tasteless, and incapable of relishing beauty or harmony.



## ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE variety of men's tastes is nowhere more remarkable than in the choice of their wives. With many, beauty is the first consideration; to others, fortune is more attractive; by some, excellence in the culinary art is esteemed the most engaging accomplishment; while others deem submission the fittest disposition in a partner for life. Indeed, from a man's character and habits we may make a pretty good guess what sort of wife he will choose. The avaricious man will gratify his passion with his wife's fortune; the vain man with his wife's beauty; and the epicure with his wife's ragouts.

Gloriosus is sensible and accomplished, but egregiously fond of admiration. To gratify this passion, he paid his addresses to Sempronia, whose beauty and fortune attracted a crowd of suitors, and made her the belle of the town in which she lived. The lady was not insensible of his attentions, and he succeeded in gaining the prize, for which so many had sighed in vain. His vanity was highly gratified with the preference he had obtained, and nothing could exceed his satisfaction during his courtship and the first weeks of his marriage. The men called him a lucky fellow, the women praised Sempronia's discernment, and the handsome couple was the theme of general conversation. But, in a short time after the visits, which are usual on such occasions, had been duly paid and as duly returned, admiration, always fickle, lavished its regards on new objects, and Gloriosus and his wife were forgotten. He now found, that she, whom he had chosen for the companion of his life, was deficient in every qualification that could render such a companion useful or agreeable. She had been told from her earliest youth, that her charms of person were such as always to ensure her admirers, without being at the pains of cultivating the graces of her mind. Her mother thought she could not too early introduce into the world such a beautiful creature; and, from the age of fifteen to the day when she married Gloriosus, her

time was almost wholly taken up in visiting and receiving visits, and her mind was entirely employed in devising some new mode of decorating her person. Such a one was little calculated to sustain with dignity, "the mild majesty of private life." Her ideas were few and trivial; and her conversation was consequently trifling and insipid. Her former habits made her ill qualified for a nurse; and her love of pleasure made home a restraint to her, and the duties of a mother insupportable. The disappointed Gloriosus, disgusted with his home, sought for relief in the circles of pleasure and dissipation. His wife was too much engrossed with her person and her parties to concern herself about him; so that finding themselves mutually disagreeable, they agreed to a final separation.

Apicius married for the sake of having a good house-keeper and cook. He is a Mahometan in his opinion of women, and deems submission to her husband the cardinal virtue in a wife. He has no idea of making a friend and adviser of one whom he looks upon merely as his head-servant. He has the same objection to any sort of learning in women which many people have to the education of the poor: he thinks it must render them averse from the performance of those menial duties of life, for which, he imagines, they were exclusively created. It was his good fortune to meet with a woman exactly suited to his disposition. She understood "the whole art of cookery," the four rules of arithmetic, and could read the New Testament without much difficulty. She had never been taught to think for herself; the duty of obedience, which had been early inculcated upon her by a severe father, had grown easy by habit; and she was glad to save herself the trouble of relying upon her own resources. She is, therefore, the mere echo of her husband's sentiments; she believes him to be "the greatest wight on ground," and would as soon think of contradicting the scriptures, as any thing that he says. This acquiescence gratifies the vanity of her husband; he thinks her an admira-



ble wife, but to every one else, she appears a very insignificant woman.

Imperitus was early a worshipper of the showy attractions of Clelia. She was always a forward girl, and took the command of all the little parties of her own age. This forwardness her parents mistook for mental superiority, and thought they could not bestow too much pains in the cultivation of her extraordinary talents. They accordingly provided her numerous masters, and Clelia attained a smattering in many things. She could draw tolerably, play tolerably, speak French tolerably, and write tolerably pretty verses. Her parents thought her a prodigy of genius; and her brothers and sisters were early taught to pay a proper deference to her superior endowments. Her will was law, and her opinions infallible. Imperitus contemplated her with amazement, and thought he should be completely happy if he could obtain such an accomplished character for his wife. But several long years did he languish in vain for that blessing; and when at last she consented to become his wife, she yielded with that air of condescension, which a high-bred dame assumes when she suffers herself to be handed across the way by a person of inferior condition. From that time, Imperitus became a cypher in his own house; for the poor man was not only obliged to submit to all his wife's proceedings, but she expected him to acquiesce in all her opinions. Nothing under absolute authority could satisfy her high opinion of her own abilities. Imperitus is almost afraid to speak in her company; for, instead of assisting and palliating his natural deficiencies, she is the first to ridicule and expose them. Her passions, having never been checked, have become exceedingly violent. She converses on politics and divinity with all the fury of a partizan and a polemic; she seems impatient of the trammels of her sex; and her conversation frequently goes beyond the bounds of decency and good manners. One cannot help pitying the lot of Imperitus, who has a large share of good-nature, and who

(whatever may be his deficiencies) cannot certainly be reproached with a want of constancy and tenderness towards his wife.

Benignus's notions of the married state were of the noblest kind. In his estimation, it was the institution the best calculated for the permanent happiness of a rational being. Fully sensible how much the colour of his future life must depend upon the person whom he should call his wife, he determined to make his choice with circumspection. Surely, said he, if we are solicitous respecting the character and temper of a person who is to make a short excursion with us, it behoves us to be extremely careful respecting one who is to be our companion in the journey of life. He was first introduced to Charlotte at a ball. The dancing had just begun, and she was entering into it with all that gayety which youth and health inspire (for it was a diversion of which she was very fond) when she was informed that her father was suddenly taken ill and would be glad to see her, if she could consent to give up the evening's pleasure. She waited not for consideration; but regardless of place or person, she flew out of the room, and totally forgot, in the desire to relieve her parent, that she should thereby lose a diversion, to which she had looked forward with the greatest delight. Benignus, who had been charmed with her person and conversation, was delighted with this proof of the goodness of her heart, and determined to offer her his hand, if he should find her as amiable at home as she was captivating abroad. He was introduced the next day into her father's house by a friend of his, who was a relation of the old gentleman's. They were shown into the invalid's room. Charlotte, with her arms round her father's waist, was gently helping him to rise in the bed; and her expressive countenance showed how tenderly she sympathized in the pain he felt. As soon as she was gone out of the room, her father, whose heart was warm with gratitude, could not help breaking out into an exclamation of his happiness in possessing such a daughter, whose dutiful and affectionate attention, he said, disarmed sickness



of its sting. Benignus went home, in love with Charlotte, and from that time he became a constant visiter at her father's house. He found her mind as accomplished as her heart was benevolent. He doubted not but that so amiable a daughter would make as amiable a wife. He married her, and has not been disappointed. Blessed in each other's affections, they enjoy as much happiness as this life is capable of affording: theirs is

— “the mild majesty of private life,  
 “Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns  
 “The gate, where Honour's liberal hands effuse  
 “Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
 “Of innocence and love protect the scene.”

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

DOMESTICUS.

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FRENCH DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

A French actor, accustomed to perform the part of Achilles, wished to have his portrait taken, and desired it might be in that character, stipulating to give the painter forty crowns for his work. This son of Melpomene had been a journeyman carpenter, and the painter, who was informed that he was a bad paymaster, thought proper to devise a mode of being revenged should Achilles play him any trick; he therefore painted the figure in oil, the shield excepted, which was in distemper. The likeness was acknowledged to be great; but the actor, that he might pay as little as possible, pretended to find many faults, and declared he would only pay half the sum agreed upon. “Well,” replied the painter, “I must be content; however, I will give you a secret for making the colours more brilliant. Take a sponge, dip it in vinegar, and pass it over the picture several times.” The actor thanked him for this advice, applied the sponge, washed away the shield of Achilles, and, instead of that hero, beheld a carpenter holding a saw.

The famous Baron was both an author and an actor: he wrote a comedy in five acts called *Les Adelphe*s, taken from the *Adelphi* of Terence; and a few days before it was performed the duke *de Roquelaure*, addressing him, said, "Will you show me your piece, Baron? You know I am a connoisseur. I have promised three women of wit, who are to dine with me, the feast of hearing it; come and dine with us: bring it in your pocket, and read it yourself. I am desirous to know whether you are less dull than Terence." Baron accepted the invitation, and found two countesses and a marchioness at table, who testified the most impatient desire to hear the piece. They were, however, in no haste to rise from table, and, when their long repast was ended, instead of thinking of Baron, they called for cards. "Cards?" cried the duke. "Surely, ladies, you have no such intention? You forget that Baron is here to read you his new comedy?" "Oh, no; we have not forgotten that," replied one of them, "he may read while we are at play, and we shall have two pleasures instead of one." Baron immediately rose, walked to the door, and, with great indignation, replied, his comedy should not be read to card-players. This incident was brought on the stage by *Poincinet*, in his comedy of the *Cercle*.

Boyer, a French dramatic author, had been fifty years writing and never successfully. That he might prove whether his condemnation might not be imputed to the prejudice of the pit, he gave it to be understood that the new tragedy of *Agamemnon* was the production of *Pader D'Assezan*, a young man newly arrived at Paris. The piece was received with general applause, and Racine himself, the great scourge of Boyer, declared in favour of the new author. "And yet it is by Boyer, *Mons. de Racine*," exclaimed Boyer himself, from the pit. Imprudent man! The next day the tragedy was hissed.



When *Dancourt* gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself he was accustomed to go and sup with two or three of his friends, at the sign of the Bagpipes kept by *Cheret*. One morning, after the rehearsal of his comedy called the *Agioteurs*, or Stock-brokers, which was to be performed, for the first time, that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Ah, papa," said the girl, "you'll go tonight and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

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It is a common practice in Paris, to read new theatrical pieces in private assemblies, where they are supposed to undergo a kind of primary ordeal, and over each of which a lady always presides. A tragedy called *Alzaide* by *Linant*, had been read at one of those societies, and obtained great praise; however, it had no success on the stage, which greatly afflicted this previous tribunal. Being assembled the day after its performance, there was a general silence; but the lady, who had first given her favourable suffrage, spoke at length and said—"The piece, however, was not hissed."—"How the deuce could it?" replied a stranger, who happened to be present; "people cannot gape and hiss both at once."

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A bad French actor, having taken disgust at the reception he had met with and quitted the stage, being soon afterward at Versailles, was met by some young noblemen, who knew him, and who asked him what good news he brought from Paris? "None," replied he, "for my part, I have taken leave of the public. I am now no longer an actor." "Oh," said they, "that is very good news indeed."

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*Dufresny*, a French author, having written *L'Amant masqué* in three acts, had it reduced to one act by the performers; and his comedies of five acts were also generally reduced to three. "What," said he, excessively piqued,

“shall I never get a five act piece on the stage?” “Oh, yes,” answered the *Abbé Pellegrin*, “you have only to write a comedy in eleven acts; six of which will be retrenched by the comedians.”

In France the comedians are their own managers; except so far as government interferes.

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The *lively device* upon Mrs. Clarke's seal, which tickled the fancy of the *gullant* Colonel Mac Mahon, was a *worn out Jack Ass*, mounted by a Cupid, prodding the sides of the animal with an arrow, and the following motto, *Tels sont mes sujets*—“Such are my subjects.”

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*Gluttony*.—A few days since, a flint-digger, on the new Brighton road, undertook, for a trifling wager, to devour four pounds of beef and a sixpenny loaf, and wash all down with two quarts of beer, within half an hour; and this task he actually completed in ten minutes and three seconds, little more than a third of the time allowed!

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During the inquiry into the conduct of the commander in chief, Mr. Wilberforce said, that the courtly rebuke of the duke of York, by the chancellor of the exchequer, reminded him of an anecdote of the reign of Charles the second. When that monarch had been guilty of some gross breach of decorum and decency with a loose woman, which attracted the notice of the clergy, it was resolved to reprove him for his incontinence and public transgression. The body of the clergy came to the bottom of the audience room; one of them, of the name of Douglass, persuaded the others to let him go up singly to his majesty, in order that he might rebuke him with greater asperity. He accordingly walked up to the king, but instead of the expected admonition, gravely, and in a low tone of voice, advised his majesty, when he did such a bad thing again, to be sure and close the shutters!



As the public frequently enjoys a laugh at the expense of an Irish jury, it is but fair to allow a little *retaliation* in the case of a *Yorkshire* jury, who at the last assizes brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*, although the person so *slaughtered* was alive; and when recommended to reconsider their verdict, they *mended* it by pronouncing the prisoner *not guilty*.

—

*The influence of Bacon and Cabbage.*

During the administration of Cardinal Richlieu, a set of strolling players at Paris had such success in low farce, that the other companies became jealous, and wished to have them suppressed. They complained to the cardinal. He, fond of every thing dramatic, sent for them to perform before him, in the Palais Royal; and the piece they selected shows that the Cardinal could sometimes be amused with one of the coarsest descriptions of life and manners.

Gros Guillaume, or Fat Will, was a principal droll in the exhibition before the Cardinal. Fat Will is represented as thick as he was long, and often by means of a dress with hoops stretched across, formed himself into the figure of a hogshead. In this farce, he was supposed to be the wife of Turlupin, who, jealous of Garguilla, is going to cut off her head; infuriated with this idea, he seizes her by the hair, with a drawn sabre in his hand, while she, upon her knees, conjures him by every thing that is tender to abate his anger.

She first reminds him of their past loves and courtships—how she rubbed his back when he had the rheumatism, and his stomach when he had the cholic, and how particularly charmed she was with him when he wore his dear little flannel night cap—but all in vain. “Will nothing move thee?” cries this amiable fair one, in a fit of the last despair—“Then O! thou barbarian, think of the *bacon* and *cabbage* I fried for thy supper yesterday evening.” “Oh, the sorceress!” cried Turlupin—“I can’t resist her—she knows how to take me by my foible; the *bacon*, the *bacon*, quite

*unmans* me, and the very fat is now rising in my stomach. Live on then thou charmer—fry cabbage, and be dutiful.”

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A circumstance has occurred in the neighbourhood of a large town in Hampshire, which has occasioned much amusing conversation. A young lady, 23 years of age, who will inherit a great property at her father's death, was recently discovered by him to be in the family way; and on the enraged parent's demanding who had been her seducer, she, to his utter astonishment, replied it was her maid Harriet. On Harriet's being called before him, an explanation took place, when it appeared the young lady, during a visit last June at a friend's house near town, became acquainted with a handsome youth, who was shop-lad at a circulating library, of whom she became enamoured, and a secret marriage was the consequence; but fearing her father's anger at such an unequal match (the youth being poor) and the idea of being obliged to part with him, gave birth to the following stratagem. The youth assumed the female habit, and accompanied the fair bride to her father's house, where he has until this fortnight figured away as her maid. The old gentleman, however, is now reconciled to the loving couple, and Harry (alias Harriet) is as happy as beauty and money can make him.

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An Irish officer of the name of Foster, (now lieut. col. of the 6th West India regiment) of the uncommon stature of six foot eight, made his appearance at the rooms at Bath, when the late haughty princess Amelia was present, she was led from his extraordinary appearance, to inquire his name, family, and pursuits: she received information amongst the answers to her inquiries, that he had been originally intended for the church. “Rather for the steeple,” replied the royal humourist.



## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

*The ancient seat of Sir William Musgrave, in Cumberland.*

In an excursion to the North of England, I was easily prevailed upon, to see the *Luck of Edenhall*, celebrated in an ancient ballad, now exceedingly scarce—the only description I can give you of it is, a very thin bell-mouthed beaker glass, very deep and narrow, ornamented on the outside with fancy work of coloured glass, and may hold something more than a pint. Tradition says that a party of fairies were drinking and making merry round a well near the hall, called St. Cuthbert's Well, but being interrupted by the intrusion of some curious people, they were frightened, and made a hasty retreat, and left the cup in question, one of the last of the fairies screaming out,

“If this cup should break or fall,  
“Farewell the *Luck of Edenhall*.”

The ballad above alluded to, is here inserted. It was written by the duke of Wharton, and is called “The Earl's Defeat,” to the tune of Chevy Chace.

“On both sides slaughter and gigantic deeds.”

GOD prosper long from being broke,  
The *Luck of Edenhall*;  
A doleful drinking bout I sing,  
There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,  
Duke Philip took his way;  
Babes yet unborn shall never see  
The like of such a day.

The stout and ever thirsty duke  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure within Cumberland,  
Three live long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,  
A true and worthy knight,  
Eftsoons with him a bargain made,  
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass'd about,  
Six in a hand went round,  
And, with their calling for more wine  
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd  
The Earl of Harold's ears,  
"And am I (quoth he, with an oath)  
Thus slighted by my peers.

"Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,  
I'll be with them and quick ;  
And, master Sheriff, come you too ;  
We'll know this scurvy trick.,'

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come!"  
Did one at table say.  
"'Tis well," replied the mettled duke ;  
"How will he get away?"

When thus the Earl began, "Great duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me ! sure this  
You did not learn in France.

"One of us two for this offence  
Under the board shall lie ;  
I know thee well, a duke thou art,  
So, some years hence shall I.

"But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere  
So much good wine to spill,  
As these companions here may drink,  
Ere they have had their fill.

"Let thou and I, in bumpers full,  
This grand affair decide"—  
"Accursed be he," duke Wharton said,  
"By whom it is denied."



To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,  
Many a pint went round,  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espied  
He had the earl secure,  
He plied him with a full pint glass,  
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these  
After he downward sunk,  
"My worthy friends, revenge my fall,  
Duke Wharton sees me drunk."

Then, with a groan, duke Philip took  
The sick man by the joint,  
And said, "Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,  
Would I had drank the pint !

"Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,  
And doth within me sink  
For surely a more sober earl  
Did never swallow drink."

With that the Sheriff, in a rage,  
To see the earl so smit,  
Vowed to revenge the dead-drunk peer  
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,  
Of visage thin and pale ;  
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,  
Fast by the river Swale.

Who said he would not have it told,  
Where Eden river ran,  
That unconcern'd he should sit by—  
"So, Sheriff, I'm your man."

Now when these tidings reach'd the room  
Where the duke lay in bed,  
How that the squire suddenly  
Upon the floor was laid—

"O, heavy tidings!" quoth the duke,  
 "Cumberland witness be,  
 I have not any toper more,  
 Of such account as he."

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 How that the under sheriff too,  
 Was fallen from his place.

"Now God be with him," said the earl,  
 "Sith 'twill no better be ;  
 I trust I have within my town,  
 As drunken knights as he."

Of all the number that was there,  
 Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield,  
 But, with a bumper in his hand,  
 He staggered o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,  
 And each man of the slain  
 Was quickly carried off to bed,  
 His senses to regain.

God bless the king, the duchess fat,  
 And keep the land in peace !  
 And grant that drunkenness henceforth,  
 'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our royal prince,  
 The nation's other hope,  
 And give us grace for to defy  
 The devil and the pope.

---

*"Cooke's unparalleled Excellence!"*

"In characters new, and in characters old,  
 Cooke must be allow'd a matchless fine fellow ;  
 For, act what he will, we are constantly told,  
 That in every part he is perfectly mellow !"



*Ambrose and his Dog.*

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

The clock had struck the midnight hour,  
And all the village slept,  
Save Julia, listening to the shower  
She, lonely, watch'd and wept.

For, ere the sun peep'd o'er the hill,  
To town her Ambrose went ;  
And sure some unexpected ill  
Must his return prevent !

What, though the wood he pass'd beside,  
He needed nothing fear,  
For honest Dobbin was his guide  
And faithful Tray was there.

The heath was wild ! the roads were bad ;  
'Twas dark and dreary too ;  
'Twas cold, but he was doubly clad,  
And well the way he knew.

Thus while she ponder'd clamorous came  
Poor Tray, with scratch and whine,  
The mistress rose, and much to blame  
His rudeness did incline.

As gladly she the door unbarr'd,  
Her weary man to greet,  
The generous dog, with kind regard,  
Rush'd fondling round her feet.

He moaned, he howl'd, he seized her gown,  
And drew her gently forth ;  
She follow'd him across the down,  
For she had prov'd his worth.

Beside the road the quarries lay,  
Capacious, dark, and deep ;  
The steed had swerv'd one step astray,  
And tumbled down the steep.

There lay poor Ambrose, stunn'd and pale,  
Unhurt, his beast stands by ;  
And thither Tray, with frisking tail,  
Attracts his mistress' eye.

Nor would he quit his master's side,  
 Such sympathy he found——  
 He lick'd his pallid cheek, and tried  
 To raise him from the ground.

Heaven, and her friends, their aid afford  
 To Julia's tears and vows,  
 And soon to life and love restor'd  
 Her much lamented spouse.

On wintry nights, when beats the storm,  
 And howling winds prevail,  
 The children round the brick hearth warm,  
 Repeat th' affecting tale.

While Tray, outstretch'd, the fire enjoys,  
 And rests his long white chin  
 On their soft laps who speak his praise,  
 And pat his downy skin.

O happy dog! no faithless man,  
 With prouder gifts endu'd,  
 Shall ever, share with thee, or scan  
 The joys of gratitude.

—

The following fragment of an elegant little ode to music will interest the reader of taste, not only on account of the sweetness of its numbers, diction, and sentiment, but also for that melancholy but sublime anticipation of an affecting truth, that he was not made for a long continuance in this world, which caused him to contemplate the future with heightened satisfaction.

*By Henry Kirk White.*

TO MUSIC.

O give me music ; for my soul doth faint.  
 I'm sick of noise and care : and now mine ear  
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint  
 That may the spirit from it's cell unsphere.

Hark, how it falls ?—And now it steals along,  
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,



When all is still—and now it grows more strong,  
 As when the choral train their dirges weave,  
 Mellow and many voic'd—where every close  
 O'er the old minister-roof in wavy echoes flows,  
 O, I am rapt aloft!—My spirit soars  
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind!  
 Lo, angels lead me to the happy shores,  
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.  
 Farewell, base earth farewell.—My soul is freed:  
 Far from its clayey cell it springs—where music  
 dwells indeed.

*Little things are Best,*

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

Addressed to Miss C— a *little, short* lady.  
*Satis parva res est.* Amphitruon, Act 2, Sce. 2.  
 When any thing abounds, we find  
 That nobody will have it,  
 But when there's *little* of the kind,  
 Don't all the people crave it?

If wives are evils, as 'tis known  
 And woefully confess'd  
 The man who's wise will surely own  
 A little one is best.\*

The god of love's a *little* wight,  
 But beautiful as thought;  
 Thou too art *little*, fair as light,  
 And every thing—in *short*!†

O, happy girl! I think thee so,  
 For mark the poets'‡ song—  
 "Man wants but *little* here below,  
 "Nor wants that little *long*!"

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\* See *Josephus de Uxoribus*—a very ancient and a very serious jest.

† *Nulla Voluptas longa est.* Seneca.

‡ Drs. Goldsmith and Young.

*From Poetical Tales, founded on facts.*

On yon tall rock's projecting side,  
 See where the stripling bends his way,  
 To hang with rapture o'er the tide,  
 And tune a sweetly rustic lay.

Say what in sportive youth can move  
 To dwell on nature's varied hue?  
 What bids his bosom glow with love  
 And bathes his azure eye in dew?

What bids him hail the matin strain,  
 As morn's first blush illumines the vale;  
 And wake at midnight hour again,  
 To listen to the nightingale?

O Genius! 'twas thy strong control,  
 As o'er his cradle, from on high,  
 Thou wav'd thy magnet o'er his soul,  
 And on his lips breath'd harmony.

Thy magic touch bade fancy rove,  
 As mind its early charms display'd;  
 Bade Shakspeare every passion move,  
 And Homer on his pillow laid.

Thou gav'st that fine perceptive sense,  
 Which throws o'er ev'ry scene its charm;  
 To joy will brighter joy dispense,  
 To grief more exquisite alarm.

Ah! dangerous gift, where bliss appears  
 But as the morn's first vivid ray,  
 And grief her mournful aspect rears  
 Through the long, lingering, weary day!

Yet siren Genius! still to thee  
 Thy captive pours the grateful strain,  
 To thee he bends the willing knee,  
 With all thy joys, with all thy pain.

Would Alwin that pure sense forego,  
 In tranquil apathy to rove?  
 'Ah! no,' he cries, 'with all thy woe  
 O stay and charm me with thy love!



## THE PARSON AND THE NOSE.

'Twas on a shining Summer's day,  
 As stories quite old fashion'd say,  
 A sleepy set of sinners—  
 To church agreed that they would go,  
 Their zealous piety to show,  
 When they had ate their dinners.

Scarce had the parson ta'en his text,  
 When he felt most confounded vex  
 To see his neighbours nod ;  
 Proceeding with religious lore,  
 He quickly heard the sleepers snore,  
 Forgetting him and God.

When lo ! descending from his seat,  
 The parson, full of holy heat,  
 At losing thus his labour,  
 Tweak'd one's stout nose, then graceful bow'd,  
 And said, " good sir, *you snore so loud,*  
*I fear you'll wake your neighbour.*"

J. M. L.

*The advantages of solitude for Study.*

My garden neat,  
 Has got a seat  
 Hid from ev'ry eye sir ;  
 There day and night,  
 I read and write,  
 And *nobody's* the wiser.

*Favourite divertissements in Spain.*

The theatres of this country, since the landing of the English, have, among other dramas, called mysteries, frequently represented one entitled *Las profecias des Daniel* (prophecies of Daniel. No subject can be better adapted than this, for combining a splendid variety of pageantry in one oratorio, or sacred opera. The jubilee of adoration to the golden colos-

sus of Bel, the flaming *auto-de-fe* for the refractory holy children; the voluptuous dance exhibited during the meal of Belshazzar; the sacrilegious use of the chalices of Jerusalem; the sudden wrath of Heaven; the gloom of the thunder; the shadowy hand writing on the wall, in characters of lurid fire; and the armed irruption of the besiegers to renew a scene of purer triumph; all these form a series of picturesque magnificence, which, says our correspondent, you would enjoy to see some Sunday evening, at Drury-lane. The popularity of this play may be ascribed to the continual allusions of the Spanish patriotic writers to the seizure and supposed profanation of sacramental vessels by the French.

Another new and very singular drama opens with Bonaparte, who soliloquizes about Spain. Allegorical demons stand watching around, and when he has confessed the whole atrocity of his purposes, they seize and carry him off in a fiery car to the place of torment. Next appears Ferdinand VII. a ballet of angels listen to his promises of virtuous sway, and crown him during the dance with wreaths of victory. Finally appears king George the third, who declares his horror for the tyrant, his affection to the virtuous and native monarch; and who is entertained by St. Iago and the virgin Mary, or by figures representing the genius of Spain, and that of Christianity, with a performance in full chorus of "God save the king."

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#### *Longevity.*

An extraordinary instance of longevity lately occurred in the island of Jamaica in the person of Joseph Ram, a black man, belonging to Maurice Hall estate, and who died at the advanced age of 140 years. He perfectly remembered the earl of Albemarle who succeeded to the government of the island in 1687. His daughter Grace Martin, an inhabitant of Spanish-town and upwards of 85 years of age, says he had a complete set of new teeth about twenty years ago, which remained sound to the day of his death. His hair had turned quite gray. He retained his sight and memory well, and



had all his senses perfect, except that of smelling. He was stout and inclined to corpulence, was never sick but once, and all the physic he ever took in his life was one dose of nut oil. He had twenty-six children by different women. His appetite was always good, and a few days previous to his death, he walked a distance of four miles. His dissolution was gradual, and unattended by pain or sickness : It seemed indeed, to be the mere decay of nature.

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“The first step is the only difficulty,” is an old proverb. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, said the old facetious duchesse de Rambouillet, when touching on certain extravagancies of a young female. It was oddly enough applied lately by a lady, who hearing a clergyman declare, “That St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire miles with it under his arm *en chapeau bras*, yes madam, two miles positively.” “I do not doubt it” the lady quietly replied : “On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty.”

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*A specimen of the antiquity of Irish Bulls !!!*

A wealthy lord of Ireland, had a goodly faire house new-built but the broken bricks, tiles, sand, lime, &c. &c. lay confused in heapes about the building ; the lord demanded of his surveyor, wherefore the rubbish was not carried away ; the surveyor said he proposed to hyre an hundred carts for the purpose. The lord replied, that the charge of carts might be saved ; for a pit might be dug in the ground and bury it. My lord, said the surveyor, I pray you what will wee doe with the earth, which we digge out of the pit ? Why you whore-son coxcombe, said the lord, canst thou not dig the pit deepe enough and bury all together ?

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*Theatre, Ambleside, Winandermère.*

Such an incident as the comedy of “The Poor Gentleman” having been represented by *four* persons, we should imagine not to be paralleled, had we not before our eyes the

advertisement of a farce in no better a situation. What such exhibitions are, they only who have witnessed them are able to inform us. The bill is certainly a curiosity, and as you pay particular attention to the theatricals, I am induced to present you with it, for the entertainment of your readers.

T. A. S.

# THEATRE.

*White Lion, Ambleside.*

On Wednesday evening, September 18.

*Will be presented the much admired new comedy of*

THE POOR GENTLEMAN,

*Or the Love of Argument.*

Lieut Worthington,	}	<i>Mr. Weile.</i>
Humphrey Dobbins,		

Sir Robert Bramble,	}	<i>Mr. Deans.</i>
Corporal Ross,		
Ollapod the Apothecary,		

Stephen Harroby,	}	<i>Mr. Johnston.</i>
Sir Charles Cropland,		
Frederick Bramble,		

Miss Lucretia Mac Tab,	}	<i>Mrs. Deans.</i>
Miss Emily Worthington,		

*After the play the following Songs, &c.*

My Mary's true by Mrs. Deans.

Knowing Joe among the show folks, by Mr. Johnston.

Comic Songs, by Mr. Weile.

Hipsley's drunken man, by Mr. Johnston.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

BARNABY BRITTLE,

*Or, a Wife at her wits' End.*

Barnaby Brittle,	<i>Mr. Deans.</i>
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Sir Peter Pride,	}	<i>Mr. Weile.</i>
Clodpole,		

Lovemore,	}	<i>Mr. Johnston.</i>
Jeremy,		

Mrs. Brittle,	}	<i>Mrs. Deans.</i>
Damaras,		

Tickets of admission to be had at the principals inns. Front seat, 1s, back, 6d, to begin at 8 o'clock.



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

—  
THE SOLDIER TO HIS HORSE.

*Allusive to a military order for the destruction of the British cavalry horses, during the late retreat in Spain.*

The word is giv'n—my officers command,  
Fond partner of my danger and my toil,  
That thou should'st die by this now trembling hand,  
And prostrate lie upon a foreign soil.

Thy ample back in confidence I've strode,  
Depended on thee in the hour of flight,  
And oft thy wanton tricks of fondness show'd,  
Thy master's prowess was thy chief delight.

Urg'd by my will, amidst the hostile ranks,  
Hast thou sustained me, in each desperate fray,  
And is it thus, my gratitude and thanks,  
Thy nobly daring service shall repay.

Brute as thou art, 'tis not for thee to trace,  
The cause whence flows the rugged soldier's tear;  
And yet thou know'st it flows not from disgrace,  
For, thou hast borne me thro' the war's career.

When my bright scabbard bounded by thy side,  
And shouts of victory our toils repaid,  
The stately curvet, and the pacing stride,  
None of our troops so gracefully displayed.

When charg'd by treble numbers we have fled,  
Oppress'd, and spent, the glance of thy quick eye  
Has cheer'd my drooping soul, as if it said,  
We'll live together, or together die.

And once (the time to memory is dear)  
Plung'd from thy back in the contentious strife,  
No brother comrade to assist me near  
Thy friendship, brutal friendship, saved my life.

Keen was the frost, the drifting snow fell thick  
Upon the plain, where late the battle rag'd.  
Benumb'd with cold, my heart was deathly sick,  
When my pale looks thy fostering care engag'd,

Thy body thou didst gently bend to earth,  
 And pressing to my breast its glowing heat.  
 I felt the vital current gain new birth—  
 I felt the chilly hand of death retreat.

The memory of that unnerves my hand ;  
 'Tis that enforces the unmanly tear !  
 To singly charge the foe be their command,  
 I know a soldier's duty to revere.

If on the "hope forlorn" I am doom'd to go,  
 Still 'tis my duty, and I'll not repine !  
 But I must perish, ere forget to know,  
 Thy body fed the vital spark in mine.

---

*Colonel O'Kelly's famous horse Dungannon.*

This celebrated racer is the sire of many famous horses ; he is the son of the famous Eclipse, was foaled in 1780, and bred by colonel O'Kelly himself.

The exploits of this famous racer are still fresh in the memory of all frequenters of the turf ; and that his figure may survive with his fame, a most spirited print of him is published in England, in which he is drawn accompanied by a sheep. A story attaches to this curious coalescence, which we think worth relating to our readers.

As a drover was passing by colonel O'Kelly's on his way with a flock of sheep for Smithfield market, one of them became so lame and sore-footed, that it could travel no further. The man wishing to get rid of the impediment, took up the distressed animal, and dropped it over the pales of a paddock belonging to Mr. O'Kelly, where the race-horse was then grazing, and pursued his journey, intending to call for the sheep, upon his return back to the farmer who had employed him, believing the creature after a little rest, would quickly recover. This was the case, and an attachment between the two rangers of the little paddock presently took place, almost to surpass probability. It is related by evidence indisputable, that such was the affection of DUNGANNON for the sheep, that besides sporting with it in various ways, he would sometimes take it in his mouth by the neck with great tender-



ness, and lift it into the crib where the groom deposited his fodder, as much as to say, though you are not able to reach it, I will help you to the banquet. Besides this, the horse would on all occasions defend his new friend, and suffered no one to offer him the least molestation.

Mr. O'Kelly being made acquainted with these circumstances, resolved to make the sheep his own, bought him of the farmer, and marked the wool with his own initials, D. O'K. and left the two friends in peaceable possession of the paddock and its adjoining shelter.

Mr. Stubbs the painter, being acquainted with these facts when he requested leave to paint Dungannon, also introduced the portrait of the sheep, as a lasting memento of the unusual affection that subsisted between two creatures, so dissimilar in appearances, and so opposite in their pursuits.

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On Friday the 10th of April a very extraordinary wager was decided upon the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon. A gentleman of the former place, had betted a considerable sum of money, that he would go a yard from the ground, upon stilts, the distance of twelve miles within the space of four hours and a half: no stoppage was to be allowed, except merely the time taken up in exchanging one pair of stilts for another; and even then his feet were not to touch the ground. He started at the second mile-stone from Cambridge on the Huntingford road, to go 6 miles out and 6 miles in: the first he performed in one hour and fifty minutes, and did the distance back in two hours and three minutes, so that he went the whole in three hours and fifty three minutes, having thirty-seven minutes to spare beyond the time allowed him; he appeared a good deal fatigued, and his hands, we understand, were much blistered from the continual pressure upon one part. This, we believe, is the first performance of the kind ever attempted; but as novelty appears to attract, as well as direct, the manners of the age, *stilting* may possibly become as fashionable in these, as *tilting* formerly was in better times.

## DRAMATICUS.

## No. II.

*Edward and Eleonora.*

This excellent and interesting tragedy, the production of the admired author of the Seasons, was, for some reason not easily discoverable, prohibited from representation by the Lord Chamberlain,\* with whose dictatorial power over dramatic performances the world is well acquainted. Many of the scenes are most exquisitely tender and pathetic, and for the effects they produce on hearts of sensibility, are equal (with due deference be it said) to any in the English or perhaps any other language.

—  
SOUTHERN.

Previous to the era of Southern's writing for the stage, the authors of dramatic pieces had only the emoluments of the third night of representation†. He deserves the gratitude of all succeeding dramatists, for successfully contending with the managers, for the proceeds of every third night of the run of a new play. The vast increase of advantage from a very successful drama, produced by this arrangement, holds out a great additional inducement to the exertions of the talents of dramatists. Southern cleared, according to Baker, seven hundred pounds sterling by one play—which, I presume, must have been *Oronoko*.

—  
OTWAY.

The manner of this unfortunate writer's death is variously stated by various writers. I wish some of the correspondents of the Dramatic Censor would elucidate this point. I hope the general opinion is not true, that, being almost famished, he began so ravenously to devour a loaf which was

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\* Baker's Playhouse Companion, vol. 1.

† Idem, 426



given him for charity, that the first mouthful choaked him, and put a period to his existence.

Few dramatic performances require the pruning knife so much, and would so amply repay the trouble, as some of those of Otway. In the Orphan there are some passages as gross and offensive as are to be found, probably in any tragedy whatever. There is moreover too much of horror in it. The stage, it has been justly remarked, is made a mere slaughter-house. These objections, both of which are very strong, might be easily removed—and if they were, the tragedy would be excellent. After writing these lines I have doubted whether I should not erase them. The incestuous connexion of Polydore and Monimia, on which the chief interest of the performance turns, is revolting, and incapable of being eradicated without destroying the piece.

The error of judgment in Venice Preserved is equally conspicuous. Less alteration would be necessary to render this tragedy, which is now to the last degree exceptionable, a *chef d'œuvre*. Had the tyranny and oppression of the senators been made prominent and conspicuous—had the conspirators been animated with the glorious spirit that fired a Bruce, a Wallace, a Gustavus Vasa, a Hampden, a Sydney, a William Tell, or a Washington—then angels might have bowed down to hear the language of a Pierre deploring the miseries of his oppressed countrymen. But when, instead of glorying in the risk they ran, and the sacrifice they made for their country, their whole object clearly appears to be rapine and murder, the liberal mind turns with horror from such a prostitution of the writer's talents, which, had they been under the government of a sound judgment and correct principles, would have reflected high honour on the age and country in which they flourished.

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*Candour and Modesty.*

Henry Metayer, author of a tragedy called the Perfidious Brother, committed it to Theobald, of Dunciad memory, for examination and correction. The latter had the mon-

strous effrontery, after having made a few verbal alterations in it, to have it acted and printed as his own.\* Metayer, incensed at this piratical proceeding, appealed to the public, and had his own work printed. The literary thief excited the contempt and detestation such a base procedure merited.

—  
*Charles Macklin.*

This actor has the credit of having checked a nefarious practice, which has prevailed to a certain degree in almost every theatre, and of which Philadelphia and New-York have exhibited some striking instances. I mean the practice of certain meanspirited wretches, who bear malice towards particular performers, and make parties to hiss them off the stage. It is not easy to conceive of a greater degree of baseness, turpitude, and cowardice, than is manifested by this conduct. The object of their malice is unable to defend himself from their attacks. This, to a generous mind, would be an ægis, and protect the person who could make such a plea, as completely as her sex protects a woman. But with the persons here contemplated, the impunity they expect is the very incitement to their inglorious warfare.

Some of these ruffians having in this mode assailed Macklin, he singled out as many of them as he could identify by the deposition of competent witnesses. Against these offenders he commenced a prosecution† in which they were found guilty, and exemplarily punished. The salutary effects of this spirited procedure, I am informed, are still perceptible in the London theatres.

—  
*Richard Fullerton.*

While I am writing on this topic, I may be allowed to drop a tear to the memory of this unfortunate victim to the

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\* Baker's Play-house Companion, vol. 1. §12.

† Idem, 292.



brutal system I have referred to in the preceding paragraphs. That he was hunted to suicide, I could, if necessary, establish by indisputable testimony. A very worthy man, of the most strict veracity, now residing in Baltimore, informed me that he was in a corner of the green-room, in the theatre of this city one night when Fullerton was actually hissed off the stage. When the poor persecuted actor came into the green-room, he did not perceive the gentleman, and clenching his fists, struck his forehead, and swore with a most desperate oath, that the ruffians would be the death of him. His sensibility to outrage and insult overpowered and unmanned him. A few days afterwards he consigned himself to the waves of the Delaware, to escape from the fury of his remorseless persecutors.

What is here stated, was asserted in a cotemporaneous pamphlet, published in this city on the occasion. The New-York reviewers, grossly violating every principle of decency, propriety and justice, assailed the writer, as if he had been guilty of a base fabrication, and had invented this hideous charge, to dishonour the Philadelphia audience. Without any fair opportunity of investigating the facts, they had the decency and modesty to pronounce sentence with an assumption of oracular infallibility. Probably the annals of literature can hardly produce a more unfair attack upon any writer than the review to which I here allude.

—  
*A Dramatic Bull.*

In a sorry tragedy, called the Fall of Tarquin, written by one Hunt, there is a description of a forest, in which the author has this ludicrous line—

And the tall trees stood *circling* in a row.\*

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\* Baker's Play-house Companion, vol 1. p. 250.

*She would and she would not—or the kind Impostor.*

The humour of this comedy, in many of the scenes, has hardly ever been exceeded by any writer in any language. The dialogue between Don Mantel and Don Philip, in which the former undertakes to “bamboozle” the son of his friend, whom he conceives to be an arrant impostor, is absolutely a masterpiece of humour. There are several other scenes of nearly equal merit. It is difficult even at this day, to form a correct judgement of Cibber—as the disgrace attached to him by Pope in the *Dunciad* excited against him a prejudice which at this distance of time continues to operate on the mind of the reader.

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*High life below Stairs.*

It is generally known, I believe, that the livery servants, a very numerous and formidable body, formed a combination to suppress this elegant and humorous satire on their vices and follies, the first night it was performed. But fortunately for good taste and good sense, these heroes of the epaulette were suppressed, and the piece had much more success than it probably would have had, but for this ill-judged attempt.

It is not, however, so generally known that this after piece owes its origin to one of the papers in the *Spectator*, in which a number of servants of the nobility are introduced, aping the manners, the airs, and graces of their masters. The perusal of this essay suggested the idea which has been so felicitously expanded in *High life below Stairs*.

---

*A hard fought theatrical battle.*

No person in the smallest degree acquainted with theatrical affairs, can be ignorant of the strong spirit of rivalry that exists between Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and that has prevailed since the first establishment of those theatres. The anecdote I am going to relate, affords probably the strongest instance of this spirit that is on record.



When Garrick's celebrity was at its highest pinnacle of glory, Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, engaged Barry and Mrs. Cibber, performers of very great talents, and high reputation, and entered the lists with Garrick in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Barry performed the young Montague, and Mrs. Cibber the delicate and elegant Juliet. Garrick produced the celebrated, but frail and unfortunate Mrs. Bellamy in Juliet, while he played Romeo. Every exertion within the compass of human powers was made by both parties, and the public opinion was held for a time divided between the rivals. The warfare was continued for twenty nights successively. At length Rich, growing tired of the contest, abandoned *Romeo and Juliet*; and Garrick in triumph had it represented one night more. The constant repetition of the same play disgusted the public, and gave rise to the following epigram, which was published in the papers of the day—

“What play to night?” says angry Ned,  
As from his bed he rouses.  
“Romeo again!” he shakes his head—  
“A pox on both your houses.”\*

—  
*What is it about?*

However incredible the following story may appear, it stands on the very respectable authority of Arthur Murphy† and David Erskine Baker.‡ A tragedy, called *Zingis*, written by Alexander Dow, was so totally unintelligible that the audience were continually asking each other—What is it about? What is it about?—That such nonsense should be written is not so very marvellous, as that the miserable farrago should have had a run of nine nights, which has been frequently denied to works of first rate merit.

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\* Murphy's life of Garrick, Dublin Edition, p 125.

† Idem, page 294.

‡ Play-house Companion, Vol. 2. p. 417.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## SHAW'S POEMS.

".....Not unknown to me the glow,  
 "The warmth divine that poets know."

Shaw's MS.

We find that proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription the Poems of the late Doctor John Shaw of Baltimore. This is one of the few occasions on which every man who pretends to revere virtue and personal excellence, to admire talents, and to respect erudition, will feel himself imperiously urged to step forward with something more than empty professions, and by practically interesting himself in the advancement of this subscription, to pay a posthumous tribute to the memory, and as the editor of the proposed work elegantly expresses it, "*the living remains*" of a gentleman in whom those qualities were conspicuously united. The pleasure we have often received from the writings of Doctor Shaw—the high and ample space he filled in the opinion of the country, particularly of those who best knew him, and the honourable testimony which one of the most enlightened personages who in this age have done honour to the peerage of Great Britain (lord Selkirk) has borne to his talents and virtues, would prompt us to enlarge upon this theme, if we did not feel that it would be injuring the matter to take it out of the hands of the editor, J. E. Hall, Esq. whose words, as being much preferable to any thing we could offer, we take the liberty of transcribing.

"The Poems which are now offered to the patronage of the public, were composed by a gentleman whose extensive endowments and excellent qualities commanded the respect, and won the esteem of all who knew him. Those who remember the communications of ITHACUS, in the earlier volumes of the *Port Folio*, will not condemn the taste which deems them worthy of republication in the form that is now proposed: and the many who lament the untimely blow which deprived them of a friend, and society of a useful and bril-



liant ornament, will liberally aid an attempt to give a "a local habitation" to the memorials of his genius.

"Some months previous to his demise, Dr. Shaw communicated to a friend his intention of publishing a volume of poetry, and they devoted several evenings to the task of preparing them for the press. But the idea of establishing a Medical College, in this city, which he conceived about that time, and the cares of an increasing family, so much engrossed his attention, that his literary project was abandoned for more important pursuits.

"For most of the pieces therefore, which shall appear in the proposed collection, the editor may plead the sanction of their author: and, in the choice of others, he will not neglect the duty that is due to the fame of his deceased friend.

"It is the intention of the Editor to prefix some account of the life of Mr. Shaw. From his letters and memoranda written during his residence on the coast of Barbary, his probationary studies at Edinburgh, and his wanderings with Lord Selkirk in Upper Canada, it is probable that something may be gleaned to interest a reader. It is proper, however, not to excite any extravagant expectations, as the Editor may not be successful in the collection of sufficient materials for the execution of so pleasing a duty.

"It is deemed not improper to intimate, that this publication is undertaken as well to preserve the memory of the deceased, as to promote the comfort of his "living remains." Thus, while an opportunity is offered for the gratification of the taste of some, the virtue of all may be rewarded by those sensations which arise from the performance of a benevolent action."

From every circumstance that now appears, we augur the success of the work, and a brimming subscription for it. The promised sketch of Dr. Shaw's life ought of itself to ensure the publisher abundant support. Of the execution of that part it may be sufficient to state that it comes from the author of "The Life of Anacreon," and other compositions which have enriched the pages of the Port Folio: and who

is he so dull, for whom biography has not charms?—On this last topic we beg leave to borrow, for this once, the expressions of a writer, whose delicacy we should offend, by speaking of him as we think, and to whom the taste and literature of this country are more indebted than any but the wise and learned are competent to understand, or any but the honest and generous are willing to confess.

“In the harmonious family of literature,” says Dennie, “History and Biography are sisters. They are twins: and both are beautiful. The port of the one is stately and martial, but the air of the other, if less dignified, is more alluring. One generally *commands* us to repair to the cabinet or the camp, while the other *beckons* us to the bower. History has respectful and stanch friends, but Biography has passionate lovers. There are some who are indifferent to the charms of the first, but there are none who do not admire the winning grace and sensible conversation of the latter.”\*

DR. SHAW'S POEMS are to be published by Coale and Thomas of Baltimore, who receive subscriptions for the work.

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\* See Preface to the American edition of the Life of Pitt.



THE  
**FREE KNIGHTS,**  
OR  
**THE EDICT OF CHARLEMAGNE:**  
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,  
INTERSPERSED WITH SONGS.

---

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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PHILADELPHIA :

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1810.

THE FREE KNIGHTS

FREE KNIGHTS

The Free Knights were a group of knights who were not bound to any lord or king. They were free to move from place to place and to fight for whoever they wished. They were often hired by kings to fight in their armies. The Free Knights were a powerful force in the Middle Ages.

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# THE FREE KNIGHTS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Prince Palatine,  
The Abbot of Corbey,  
Baron Ravensburg,  
Count Roland,  
Ravensburg,

Prisoner,  
Bernardo,  
St. Clair,  
Everard,  
Zastrow,

Walbourg,  
Christopher,  
Oliver,  
First Falconer,  
Second Falconer,

Free knights, Crusaders, Soldiers, Falconers.

Countess Roland,

Ulrica,

Agnes.

Dancers, Attendants.

Scene—Westphalia.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*A spacious cavern, veined with ore, marking the remains of a sulphur mine. In the back a sheet of water, with a lamp hanging over it; and cells with iron grating before them. At the right wing a large brazen door, at the left wing another with steps leading up to it.*

*Everard discovered—knocking and trumpets.*

*Ever.* Hark! another victim. *Unbars the door.*

*Enter Zastrow, leading in a prisoner, whose eyes are bandaged.*

*Pri.* Whither, Oh, whither would ye lead me? To pass apparently o'er rugged rocks, ascend high mountains, and descend to vaults: hear the close baying of the forest wolf, and the loud cataract's terrific roar; and now, e'en now, perhaps, to stand upon the verge of some stupendous precipice—

*Zastrow (removing the prisoner's veil)* Behold! behold the precincts of that famed tribunal that renders justice to the Christian cause, and strikes dismay throughout the Christian world.

*Pri.* Merciful Heaven! if justice be the boast of your tribunal, why all this dark, mysterious—

*Zas.* How! dare but to whisper one invidious word against an institution that's upheld by—

*Pri.* *(crossing to Everard)* To you, who seem to wear a human form, to you I make appeal. Some three months past my interest called me from my native land here to Westphalia; and but last night, when all around was calm and still as my own thoughts, a loud terrific knocking at the portal convulsed my habitation. I rushed to know the cause, and, by the moon's pale beam, read, on a banner fixed into the earth, this awful summons: "Appear, Augustus Montfort, before the free knights! traitor appear." How, how was I to act? A stranger to their hidden mystic forms, I sought my neighbours for inquiry, when, sad reverse! I, who before was welcomed with their smiles, met now such fearful and contemptuous looks, that but for conscious and inherent pride, I had been then your victim.

*Zas.* Ay, none, none dare notice the accused.

*Pri.* None, save a monk, who, far less worldly than the rest, stopt, and warned me to obey this their first summons, or soon a second and a third would follow; and, on my then not answering, not only would my sentence be proclaimed, but my best friend, ay, my own son, were he a member of this dread tribunal, would, by a solemn oath, be bound to plunge his dagger into his father's heart. Such are free knights! Such the famed members of this lauded court! And having further learnt, that on the tolling of the midnight bell at my own gate, or at the citadel, a chosen minister of vengeance passed to pilot the accused, I went, and you, through paths most dangerous and inscrutable, have brought me to the spot

where justice reigns; if so, give the first proof of justice, trial. By that I am prepared to stand or fall.

*Ever.* Trial! alas! it may be years—

*Pri.* Years! I'll not believe it. Where are my judges?

*Zas.* There *(pointing to the door)* in full council, electing a free knight. And till that awful ceremony's past, they must not be disturbed, nor then but by their chief, Prince Palatine, who, on returning from the holy wars, comes to consult them on affairs of state. *[Music.* Hark! he approaches. This way to your dungeon. *[Prisoner appeals.]* Nay, no parleying. You have to cope with those who'll teach you patience and submission.

*Music.* *Prisoner is led into his cell, and Zastrow bars the gate, Everard showing compassion. Zastrow opens the door, and the prince and Walbourg enter.*

*Prin.* So, after an interval of ten long years, again I view and welcome the tribunal. Ay, Walbourg, welcome it. For though dark traitors, plotting against a state, may oft elude the common vigilance which broad and open justice takes, yet can they escape the penetrating eye of this deep-searching and all-powerful court? No. Unseen it sees, and unknown pries into such hidden guilt, that the detected villain, awe-struck, cries, "this is not man's but Heaven's unerring vengeance."

*Zas.* And, once detected, shall free knights forgive! Be death the doom of all the prince's foes.

*Prin.* *(after a short pause)* Ay, death: for long inured to daring and to desperate deeds, still deeper must I plunge. But Oh, my friend! in the bright morn of life—*(aside to Walbourg.)*

*Trumpets within.* *The prince shows surprise.*

*Zas.* The council are electing a free knight: the gallant Ravensburg.

*Prin.* Ravensburg! the brave heroic youth, who on the plains of Palestine first stamped the glory of the Christian arms! I guess his honest, loyal motive. He has heard rumours of conspiracy, and here, as in the field, would die to serve his prince.

*Ever.* So he avowed, my liege; and also that his father, the baron Ravensburg, had urged him, and though he started when he entered, and wondered much why all our actions should be thus involved in dark obscurity, yet loyal and parental love prevailed, and he rushed in to add one more to the ennobled list that graces the tribunal.

*Prin.* Exalted Ravensburg! Let all who would uphold their prince's cause like thee, uphold this hallowed institution.

*Enter Ravensburg, hastily.*

*Rav.* In storm, in battle, in the hour of malady, I can brave danger with heroic firmness; but here I own and feel myself so much a coward, that not for worlds would I return and face that scene of unexampled horror. Back with me as I came; and, do I live to utter it? your arm. I sicken, faint with apprehension.

*Prin.* Why, Ravensburg! The motive, loyal and parental love, and yet dare hesitate! Return—perform the solemn rites—

*Rav.* What! swear I will pursue all doomed by this despotic court, and, swifter than the lightning, strike a deadly weapon e'en in a parent's breast! Never!

*Prin.* Never!

*Ravens.* My liege, error, perhaps, misleads me; but, trained in camps and the rough school of war, though I ne'er felt that superstitious zeal which founded and supports these unknown judges, yet an enthusiast in the Christian cause, I would maintain it as the cause deserves, by open vindication of its rights, and not by such mysterious arts as truth and justice must disdain to practise.

*Prin.* Mysterious arts!

*Ravens.* Ay. Why else at dead of night, with shrouded sight, was I conducted to this drear abyss, through ways apparently unknown to man? And next immured in a long vaulted cell, where, as I gazed upon devices framed to heighten my alarm, two ghastly figures, wrapt in mortuary veils, rushed forth, and laying bare my breast, with a new-slaughtered captive's blood, there marked a crucifix, and then descending to a deeper cell, where, in full council, round an altar formed of human skeletons, the secret knights appeared; and, whilst the cavern rung with the loud shrieks of burning and of tortured victims, they professed me their oath—that oath which bound me to destroy friend, father, mistress! Mighty Heaven! let bigots reconcile and court these scenes. I have the common feelings Nature prompts, and fly from such barbarity. *[Going.]*

*Prin.* Hold! By this desperate, this outrageous act, you have incurred and well deserved our vengeance. And who is Ravensburg, that thus condemns what laws, what monarchs, and what pontiffs sanction; and which to loyal and obedient minds is now the rallying beacon of their hopes; for who, but this all-seeing court, can save your sovereign and friend, father, mistress, from a conspiracy, perhaps as fatal as that by which the princess, young Theresa fell?

*Rav.* How!

*Prin.* Hear me. Some fourteen tedious years are past since on my loved, lamented brother's death, this infant, only child, became the victim of that curst Italian fiend, the count Manfredi's treachery, and I, against my will, was hailed prince palatine. Manfredi perished not as he merited. He died a natural death, and with him treason seemingly extinct, I, like the rest of Europe's zealous champions, joined the crusaders in the Holy Land. You followed, and you fought so nobly, I confess I little thought that Ravensburg would join with new Manfredis to overthrow his prince.

*Rav.* That I! lives there the slanderous and calumnious wretch who dare—

*[Drawing his sabre.]*

*Prin. (holding his arm)* The man who will not court the certain means by which foul treason may be traced and crushed, so far encourages and aids the crime, that he is himself a traitor. And now, when journeying from my capital, I hither come for counsel and redress—Shame! Oh, shame! if feeling for your prince have no effect, think of an absent father's claims, who, to the loss of a son's valued life, may add his own and others of his race. *(Ravensburg shows alarm: takes him aside.)* Ay, the tribunal once offended, will mark and watch with such suspicious eyes,

e'en your most distant kindred, that danger, great as your offence, hangs o'er them.

*Rav.* They cannot—will not—

*Prin.* They will. And picture the reverse: by linking with this formidable chain, which, though invisible encircles all, you may watch o'er your house's safety. *(Noise without of unbarring guises.)* They come—from every quarter come—to execute your sentence! You've no alternative—escape you cannot. In church, in palace shall the free knight strike; therefore instantly complete the forms, and aid your country's and your prince's cause; or, like a base detested parricide, involve an aged parent's life—

*Rav.* Hold! hold! A parent's claims are ever paramount; and Heaven, that witnesses my motive, will pardon my consenting.

*Two free knights appear at each door, and are advancing with uplifted daggers.*

*Prin.* Forbear! He is a convert. He will unite with us in tracing and overthrowing new conspiracy. Come, you're my friend again *(taking Ravensburg's hand.)* And whilst Westphalia's my abode, I will sojourn me in your father's house, and witness, as I'm told, another ceremony; the happy celebration of your nuptials.

*Rav.* My nuptials happy! Well! well! lead on. Be this my first, my lesser sacrifice.

*Music.*—A party of free knights enter at one door, carrying a banner, on which is painted the cross, an olive branch, and a poniard. A party likewise enter at the other door, carrying a banner on which is painted an eye, surrounded by clouds, and radiated like the sun. Prince, Ravensburg, and train exeunt, free knights following.

SCENE II.—An open country, Corbey Abbey in the distance. At the right wing the gates of the town of Corbey; at the left wing the chateau of baron Ravensburg.

*Enter countess Roland and Ulrica, from the chateau.*

*Countess.* So, this is grateful; this is graceful. Answer me. Who has maintained you? who has educated you? and from whom did you get these fine clothes and fine manners? From me! you took your manners from me!

*Ulrica.* Took your manners! Lord, aunt! and yet you call me ungrateful!

*Coun.* And last summer, who took a fine house for you at Aix-la-Chapelle? and, starting you on a matrimonial speculation, so dazzled and decoyed old baron Ravensburg, that he not only invited us to his chateau here, but selected you to be his son's wife, the wife to the hero of Palestine. And yet, though I told you, modern friends followed new houses as naturally as rats run from old ones, you were for my laying out my last florin on a cottage, a cheap paltry cottage.

*Ul.* And why, aunt? Because I thought we should both most like what we were most used to.

*Coun.* Most used to!

*Ul.* To be sure. Till a few years ago, when you went to live at Roland castle, did't you keep such a snug little cot in Franconia, that you might have packed it up and taken it with you?

*Coun.* My Franconia cottage! mercy on me!

*Ul.* Yes. Don't I still wish myself in that cot? I do, I do: for it's all very well if a person have the misfortune to be born a fine lady—but to be made one; to be taught to talk without thinking, stare without looking, and be red without blushing! Lord, who'd go and waste money at fairs and carnivals, when they might see curiosities in every great house for nothing!

*Coun.* If you dare hint to baron Ravensburg—

*Ul.* Not I! I dare no more tell baron Ravensburg what you once were, than I dare tell your rural relations what you now are: for if he knew you were once Winifred Winbottle, and they knew—Lord! Lord! if those I so long lived with,



if aunt Alice, and her son Christopher—dear darling cousin Christopher!

*Countess (who has been walking about in a rage).* Jade! Jezabel! how often must I remind you, that I no longer acknowledge this Franconia relationship? That I am, and have been, since last winter, of pure, noble, Norman extraction, and widow of the great count Roland, madam, who, struck with my charms, soon married me, madam, and being married, soon died, madam.

*Ulrica.* Very, very soon. And you may well take it to heart; for, alas! his estate went with his title—went to his nephew, young count Roland, who, after an absence of many years, returned from his travels on that most melancholy day. *(halfcrying.)*

*Countess (weeping.)* He did; and grief, grief prevented my seeing him; but you saw him Ulrica, and by what I heard of the tender interview, if the count hadn't been suddenly called away again—Oh! 'tis a sweet estate? one third of it would be consolation for any loss.

*Ulrica.* There! You think I'm to exterminate the whole German nobility, whilst I think there are even doubts about the young baron Ravensburg. Again, from my window this morning, again I saw him in close conversation with the sweet interesting Agnes—and if he love an humble orphan, and I love the humble Christopher—Now, do, aunt, do let me tell him, and every body, you're become a fine lady: if I don't, they'll never find it out, aunt.

*Countess.* Talk of your cousin, Christopher! whom I hav'n't seen for years, and never mean to see again! Peace, I insist! And for Ravensburg—your betroth'd's—loving Agnes, the Baron's dread of that marriage will hasten yours; or if it don't, and this string snaps, in young count Roland we've perhaps a better. But see—our host—hush! for your life not one word of Franconia.

*Baron (speaks without.)* Now, prepare yourselves to receive our illustrious visiter with the honour due to his rank.

*Enters.*

Why countess, I've been looking for you every where. What do you think? The prince Palatine means to copy your example; like you, he means to be a visiter at my chateau, and be present at the celebration of my son's nuptials. His train has already pass'd the aqueduct. *(A strain of music.)* Hark! he approaches. *(Calls on the servants.)* Come along all of you, and make your best bows and curtsies.

*The procession enters.*

*(After procession.)* Now, Ulrica, as I am not one of your silver-toned orators, do you give to the warriors from the holy land a most harmonious greeting.

RECITATIVE—*Ulrica.*

With well-earn'd laurels in the Christian cause,  
Receive, great chief, your native land's applause.

AIR.

Fam'd crusaders! just as brave,  
Form'd a nation's right to save!  
Now repose on tranquil plains,  
Listen to our dulcet strains.  
Peace inviting,  
Joy exciting,  
'Till the foe again assail,  
Then the glorious contest hail.

*Prince.* Delightful! exquisite! *(To Ravensburg, who looks dejected.)* Nay, Ravensburg, the die is cast, the solemn oath is sworn, and should your altered looks create the least suspicion of what's past, beware! beware! for 'tis a secret that was ne'er divulged—not e'en your chosen partner must suspect that you're invested with a free knight's rank.

*Rav.* 'Tis sworn—'tis secret.

*Baron (advancing with all respect towards the prince.)* My liege, this honour to a poor old simple baron—

*Prince.* Sir, you've a title that surpasses pedigree. You are the father of the gallant Ravensburg; and since he comes to claim the soldier's brightest, best reward, fair woman's love, I trust to find you have selected one who richly merits such an envied prize.

*Baron (introducing Ulrica.)* This is the lady, your highness; and she not only boasts great rank, and, as you see great beauty; but she has nothing of what destroyed my matrimonial happiness—no distant relations, no poor cousins, nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, who, on a rich man marrying into a family, actually treat him as private property, and go on getting more cousins.

*Prince (to Ravensburg.)* She seems as artless as if trained in humble unsophisticated life; and I prognosticate, will yield that calm content which I, alas! can never hope to taste—never!—Come let us in, and on tomorrow be the nuptials solemnized. *(Ravensburg appeals.)*

*Enter Agnes.*

*Agnes.* Madam—the—*(countess stops her.)*

*Prince.* Ay, Ravensburg, tomorrow; for, harassed as we are by foul conspiracy, our stay's precarious; and 'till we're summon'd to the scene of danger, let loud festivity and outward show dismiss our inward grief.

*Ravens.* My liege, may I suggest—

*Baron.* Suggest nothing—'tis all settled—the prince has said it. I've said it; and tomorrow the priest shall say it. Lead on—away—and yet, bless me, how rude I am. I have introduced your highness only to Ulrica. That, entering the chateau, is her aunt, the countess Roland. *(Countess curtsies to the prince, and exit.)* That next to her is Agnes, the poor orphan Agnes.

*Ravens.* The poor! My liege, though rank now fortune smil'd upon her birth, she is so rich in more substantial charms, that you, her sovereign, might be proud to boast a daughter of such peerless worth.

*Prince (starting, and gazing on Agnes with great emotion.)* That form, those eyes! that mark'd, majestic, ne'er to be forgotten mien! *(Agnes curtsies, and exit.)* Merciful powers! Whence came she, Ravensburg? Fly, swift recall her! yet hold! for if it prove—Impossible, it cannot be!—and the dread vision past, we are, ourselves, and hail the festive scene.

*[Music. Exeunt into the chateau; the baron and Oliver remaining to usher the party in. The baron is following; Oliver stops him.]*

*Oliver.* One word, only one word from your faithful old Oliver, who can't help reminding you, that he became your servant this day thirty years.

*Baron.* I know you can't. You are always reminding me; and if you go on presuming upon long service, and making honesty so very troublesome—give me a civil downright rascal! And so follow, and assist in preparing for the glorious union of the Rolands and the Ravensburgs—of two families who boast pedigrees.

*Oliver.* Granted: but I've seen what you might have seen. Your son don't love Ulrica: he loves my poor dear Agnes!

*Baron.* Granted. Thanks to the countess, I've seen it ever since he came from the wars; and if Agnes had seen it, she had never seen my house again; but as she chose to be discreet, she shall now see an union that will blazon our family hall with Norman, Saxon, Spanish, Danish—in short, with heraldry never yet seen or heard of.

*Oliver.* Stop—one word. *(Baron breaks from him, and exit.)* So this is love of pedigree: this is because he reckons by titles, not by character. And it's a certain lady, whose name I won't men-

tion, were not countess Roland, he'd see she was no more than a deep, decoying, match-making—Plague on't! I hope she won't next hook him into the noose; for if she had a husband every morning, my life on't, she'd be a widow before night. Oh lord! poor Agnes, poor young master, and poor old Oliver. (*Remains in a thoughtful posture.*)

*Enter Christopher through the gates.*

*Chris. (looking round.)* Dear, dear, what a nice, sweet, pretty place! Well, I declare when travellers used to talk of their fine sights, I used to wink and nod, as much as to say, I believe it's all bounce. But when I go back, and describe that object (*pointing to the abbey in the distance*) and this object (*turning round, and running against Oliver*)—Sir, I beg pardon for calling you an object. But you see I am just come from the woods, Sir—from the woods about six leagues off, Sir, where I was hawking with my lord, when he—he—he—od'rabbit it!—Hit or miss, it will be rare sport.

*Oliver.* What sport? And who are you? (*angrily.*)

*Chris.* Why, that's it. I want to know who I am; and perhaps you can tell me. (*Gets close to him.*) Little Solomon, you see, one of our under falconers, and who has seen all my relations, come t'other day to this town for a basket of provisions for my lord and his hawking party; and as he was staring about, who shou'd he see ushered into a fine house, and hear being call'd by a fine name, but my aunt Winifred—old Winifred Winbottle, the housekeeper! Very well—I couldn't say or unsay this, you know; so I directly gets leave of my lord to come myself, and stare about; for thinks I, if I am made a fool of, I'm only where I was, you know. (*With affected simplicity.*)

*Oliver.* Certainly, or worse; for to suppose I'll stay chattering here about Solomon and Winifred, proves, if not quite, that you are very near an idiot! (*going.*)

*Chris. (taking his arm.)* Very—I'm very near an idiot! And yet, do you know, upon my honour, Solomon described every thing!—from aunt Winifred, and her great title, down to the Gothic latch'd gate, and the little twaddling old butler who open'd it: he did—and if I could but once—(*looking about*)—only just once—(*seeing the chateau*)—Why that's it! by Solomon's description, that must be the very house, that the gate, and you—he! he! he!—Come, I'm no fool now! I see, I see who you are.

*Oliver (standing before the door.)* Dolt, booby! I leave you to your folly! But I would have you know, there are none in this house, none but the marchioness Alberti, the countess of Roland—

*Chris.* Who?

*Oliver.* The countess of Roland, and her niece Ulrica; so that's your final answer from the little twaddling old butler. (*Exit into the chateau.*)

*Chris. (strutting, &c.)* 'Tis she!—Aunt Winifred, by law, takes a countess's title; and I—pshaw! I'm like other great people, I'll take any thing!—Not so—some three score hungry, ragged relations, they'll take possession of that beautiful tenement (*pointing to the chateau*) and Ulrica—sweet Ulrica—will take possession of this beautiful tenement (*himself*.) And then—Oh, my dear Christopher! how you do long for the wedding day!

SONG—Christopher.

I.

I'll tap at her door when the morning shall break,  
And with the first lark I'll be singing;  
I'll whisper quite soft, "Now, my dear love,  
awake,

"For the church bells are merrily ringing.

"The bridegroom, impatient, no longer can rest:  
"The bridesmen and bridesmaids quite smartly are  
drest:

"The drums and the fifes so cheerily play,  
"The shepherds all chant a gay roundelay;  
"With garlands of roses fair damsels advance,  
"The young and the old partake in the dance;  
"Such mirth and such rapture never were known;  
"I'm surpris'd that so long you will tarry:  
"I prithee, Ulrica—prithee, come down;  
"For the sport of all sports is—to marry."

II.

When home we return, we'll sit down to feast,  
Our friends shall behold us with pleasure;  
She'll sip with my lord—I'll drink with the priest,  
We'll laugh and we'll quaff without measure.  
The toast and the joke shall go joyfully round,  
With love and good humour the room shall re-sound,

The slipper be hid—the stocking let fall,  
And rare blindman's-buff shall keep up the ball;  
Whilst the merry spinette, and the sweet tambourine,

Shall heighten and perfect the gay festive scene.  
Such mirth and such rapture never were known,

I'm surpris'd that so long you will tarry;

I prithee, Ulrica—prithee, come down;

For the sport of all sports is—to marry.

[*Exit into the chateau.*]

SCENE III.—*A splendid gothic hall in the baron's chateau. Large folding doors in the centre. Two state chairs are brought on by two of the baron's servants.*

*Enter Ravensburg.*

*Ravens.* To-day, to swear the dire terrific oath, "and on tomorrow be the nuptials solemnized." In all—in all—must Ravensburg be sacrificed!—He must—his father has committed him! pledged by his promise to accept the fair Ulrica's hand, shall I, perchance, destroy her prospects and her hopes, by basely now retracting! No—though love for Agnes occupies my breast, still is there room for honourable feeling! and be the conflict great as was the last, that feeling shall prevail! This hand shall be Ulrica's—unless—there, there's my hope! Now, at the banquet, she be-sought a private interview; and whilst the festive scene engages all, I've stolen forth to give her here the meeting. What, what would she impart?—And why delay? Oh, were her tidings welcome, she would not thus withhold them.

*Enter Agnes, hastily, not seeing Ravensburg.*

*Agnes.* I cannot comprehend! the prince to gaze on me with such emotion! wildly exclaim, "the sight of her is hateful!" and, with the baron, leave the banquet, to be told the whole of my sad history—"Tis well! I shall not suffer by the truth; for, as I guess, mine is a story to excite more of compassion than resentment.

*Ravens.* Agnes! speak—what of the Prince?

*Agnes.* Nothing, my lord; he would know my story, would be told that I, an infant, friendless, fatherless, was nursed and cherished by the baron Ravensburg, who, like the rest, of late has met me with such altered looks!—but 'tis of late!—for years he called me his adopted child; and you, my benefactor's son, bear witness, I banish from my mind the present change, and dwell with gratitude on past affection.

*Rav.* 'Tis his new friend, this artful, envious countess! 'Till she became your foe—

*Ag.* I know; and how have I offended? Still I've endeavour'd to obey and please her, and her niece, the fair, the happy—Sir, I forget—I came by her desire—the countess having heard of her intention, will not allow of any private interviews, and therefore 'tis Ulrica's wish, that, as tomorrow is the nuptial day, the day which blesses her, but which—(*bursts into tears*)—I can no more—Spare! spare! and pity me!

*Rav.* Proceed! for, if I know Ulrica's heart, you are not messenger of any tidings ungracious to yourself.



Ag. Indeed, I know not—She was, as she has ever been, most kind and most compassionate; but to her wish—she begs you will comply with what is here requested—Take it—(giving him a letter)—and the hard office o'er, farewell until to-morrow! And then, no sister's prayers did e'er more pure and fervent flow than mine shall then for yours and your Ulrica's happiness.

Rav. (having opened the letter.) Stay! (reading.) "Shall I accept his hand, whose heart I perceive to be another's? And can I wish him to accept mine, who, from early education, am better suited to a far more humble sphere! No, generous Ravensburg! Remonstrate with your father, and increase the esteem of Ulrica, by wiping away tears, which flow from silent, genuine passion! Hearts such as yours and Agnes's can best reward each other." Exalted woman! I will remonstrate with my father—now, instantly, and come what will, no nuptials shall be solemnized, but those which love shall crown—(taking her hand)—if you refute not what Ulrica writes.

Ag. My lord, 'twere affectation to deny what this our mutual and unequall'd friend has now revealed; but for the rest! if I am worthy of the son's affection, remember, that I owe it to the father; and great, however great the sacrifice, still would I rather meet that son's displeasure, than plant a sting in the protecting breast that warm'd and nourished a forsaken orphan.

Rav. My father will relent! Hark! he comes! the banquet o'er, new revelry succeeds, and now I can partake its joys. Come, the hope that dawns shall lead to lasting sunshine.

Enter the baron's train, and the prince's train.

The prince and baron last, and together.

Prin. (aside to the baron.) That is her history? You have imparted all?

Bar. That—that is Agnes Lindorf's story.

Prin. And none—none know it!

Bar. None—I've kept it secret, even from herself; because, at first the circumstance exciting interest, I fear'd to lose what might supply a daughter's loss; and, since not wishing to increase an orphan's suffering—

Prin. (starting, on seeing Agnes.) Behold again! again it flashes on my mind full confirmation. Take, take her from my sight! Yet, no—that may create suspicion, and Walbourg! Walbourg will, ere long, return. Oh! were he come! for every moment is an age, till I'm secure!

Bar. Walbourg! gone! where my liege?

Prin. (angrily.) No matter, Sir—let the dread interval be filled with these your care-destroying sports. Come, strike!

[Prince and baron seat themselves, and the other characters are ranged on each side the stage.

Dance.

In the midst of which a loud knocking is heard, accompanied by trumpets without. All show alarm, except the prince, who expresses secret satisfaction.

Music changes.

Folding doors are thrown open by Walbourg, who enters, and points to a black banner, fixed into the ground, on which is written, in golden letters,

"AGNES LINDORF! APPEAR BEFORE THE FREE KNIGHTS!"

[Agnes stands motionless with terror, then runs wildly about, appealing to the different characters. The prince menaces—all point to the banner, turn away, and exeunt, except Ravensburg, who is following, when Agnes clings to him, and detains him.]

Ag. You! you will not forsake me! Grant, grant me but a look!

Rav. Avoid me! shun me!

Ag. I swear by Him, to whom all crimes are known. I know no more of what I am accused, than does the new born babe! But think, oh

think! I am accused by those, whose names strike terror through the world, and who, by solemn and terrific oaths, are bound to execute such dreadful deeds, (Ravensburg trembles violently) that you, whose nature must revolt at such barbarity! you, my kind, only friend!

[falling on his shoulder.

Rav. Fly! swift—escape? (passing her across him.) Where? (stopping her.) Whither! who can elude the penetrating eye of their deep-searching vengeance? And if you answer not that awful mandate? All gracious powers! (turning from her)—I am forbidden to advise, nay, even converse with the accus'd! And yet, Agnes! (turning towards her) though my whole heart be with thee—Farewell! farewell!

[embracing her.

Enter, immediately, prince Palatine.

Prin. False, perjurd Ravensburg! (parting them.) Away! and, but that consciousness of guilt prevails, why, traitress? why this coward fear? Tried and acquitted by this high tribunal, your friends shall welcome you with added honour! But if you shall rashly disobey the summons, your death is certain, and you doom those friends—mark that—you doom, perhaps, your dearest friends, to turn assassins, and destroy that life, which, but for selfish and for dastard terror, had been preserved to bless them.

[Agnes eagerly regarding Ravensburg, who shows extreme agitation.]

Ag. I see! it breaks! it bursts upon my mind! and though none know where the free knights meet, all are acquainted with their dreaded forms; and soon, and soon will a minister of vengeance come—(crosses to Ravensburg)—to summon the accused. (Trumpets.) My lord—take courage! I'm no more a coward. (She takes Ravensburg's hand.) Feel—do I tremble? Am I by selfish terror influenced? No, mighty Sir, (to the prince) behold what conscious innocence effects! And see, where sympathy and pity prompts, a woman's spirit emulates your own, (embracing Ravensburg.) Farewell, kind, generous friend! Now, Heaven protect, and guard me!

[Music.—Ravensburg would detain Agnes. The prince prevents him. A free knight appears on the terrace. Agnes, all animation, points to the free knight—also blesses Ravensburg. Ravensburg implores heaven in her favour. Agnes exit rapidly, and Ravensburg is partly persuaded, and partly forced off, by the prince Palatine.

End of Act I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the baron's chateau.  
A door in the back scene, leading to a chamber.

Enter Christopher, hastily, through the stage door.

Chris. Not here either!—no where to be met with! Bless my soul? now I am in the house, I might as well be out of it; for I can't find aunt or cousin; and the fine company here seem all out of their senses. One pushes me, and t'other pushes me, and till I'm sure I'm fine company myself, it wont do for me to push again. Countess?—where are you, aunt countess? Do come, and make me fine company! Oh lord! I'll try this door (door in the back scene) and I should be half afraid she kept out of the way because she was ashamed of me, only I know aunt has no pride—not a bit of the gentlewoman about her.

[Exit affectedly into the chamber.

*Enter countess Roland, leading in Ulrica through the stage door.*

*Coun.* There! and now, whilst I return, and consult with the baron, I'll take care nobody consults with you. [*Taking the key out of the stage door.*]

*Ul.* Heavens! what have I done, aunt?

*Coun.* What have you not done? And till you're wife to Ravensburg this and the adjoining chamber shall be your prison—it shall! for even if the great young count Roland were to offer marriage, who knows but you might write to him about "humble sphere," and "early education." Write! nonsense! Why here I am who never wrote a letter in my life.

*Ul.* This my prison! Aunt, my dear aunt, if I have long sickened at this scene of splendid misery, and sighed for your sister's calm cottage in Franconia, what must I now, when poor Agnes, and this frightful tribunal—

*Coun.* My sister's cottage!

*Ul.* And my cousin Christopher—

*Coun.* How, again! again insult me with this low relationship! I'm gone, madam (*Christopher reenters behind, smiles, rubs his hands, and stops at the door, and listens*)—gone to prepare for your marriage with a man of my own rank, madam. And once more take notice, I disclaim, I disown the whole Franconia family; and if any poor cousin, niece, or nephew attempt to hang on me, depend on't they shall hang on something more substantial. Oh! by way of example, only let me catch one of them—just that this frightful tribunal may catch, rack, and torture him into confession of his own and your presumption. [*Exit at the stage door, banging and locking it after her.*]

*Chris.* (*groaning loudly*) Oh! h! h!

*Ul.* (*half turning round.*) A man! a strange—help!

*Chris.* (*advancing and trying to stop her mouth*) Don't!

*Ul.* (*breaking from him without seeing his face*) Aunt! come back, aunt!

*Coun.* (*without*) Not I, I promise you.

*Chris.* Thank ye, thank ye kindly, aunt! (*san-ning himself with his hat*)—and if this be your style of providing for your family, thank you also for disowning the relationship; but you, cousin, though you are going to be married to a man of rank, won't you take pity on your old play-fellow, Christopher, who having heard of aunt's promotion, came, in hopes of getting into high life; and who certainly will get into high life (*pulling up his collar*) if you don't keep him from being caught, racked, and tortured by—Oh! Lord!

*Ul.* Christopher! cousin Christopher! and come to see his aunt, the countess! Very well, sir; you didn't come to see Ulrica, then!

*Chris.* Eh!

*Ul.* You didn't come to see her who is already caught, locked up, because she don't choose an unequal marriage; and who, notwithstanding her dress and appearance, is the same simple-hearted creature you left her, sir; but since you're altered, sir, since you forgot your former humble—

*Chris.* (*half crying*) I don't—I'm as simple as ever. And if I thought you were not joking—but you are—(*looking close in her face*)—yes—no—(*Ulrica smiles*)—she's the same kind-hearted—

*Ul.* I am; and were we but in our native village, Christopher—

*Chris.* We'd send for a priest, buy a little land, make money, make love, and have such a happy fire-side!

DUET—*Christopher, Ulrica.*

*Chris.* When a little farm we keep,  
And have little girls and boys,

With little pigs and sheep,  
To make a little noise—

Oh! what happy, merry days we'll see!

*Ul.* Then we'll keep a little maid,  
And a little man beside;  
And a little horse and pad,  
To take a little ride,  
With the children sitting on our knee.

*Chris.* The boys I'll conduct,

*Ul.* The girls I'll instruct;

*Chris.* In reading I'll engage,  
Each son is not deficient;

*Ul.* In music I presage,  
Each girl is a proficient.

*Chris.* Now, boy, your A, B, C!

*Ul.* Now, girl, your solfa!

[*Ulrica is supposed to teach a girl to sing, and Christopher to teach a boy to read.*]

*Both.* When a little farm we keep, &c.

*Chris.* Charming! delightful!

*Ul.* Very! only you forget one thing: you forget we are both locked up; and if aunt finds us together, it will make bad so much worse. Mercy on me! how could you get in here?

*Chris.* Mercy on me! how am I to get out here? and my time's up with the count!

*Ul.* What count?

*Chris.* Why, mother, who formerly got this ungrateful aunt made housekeeper to old count Roland, you know, has lately got me into the young count's retinue; and he is killing game in the neighbouring woods, and I'm (*noise of unlocking the door*) killed myself! Oh, Lord! there's only one chance: aunt can't know me—she has't seen me since I became a man; but then, you, cousin! if I am a man! shall I, like a base selfish—No—it mounts!—the Roland blood mounts high within me. [*Noise.*]

*Ul.* Hush! I rely on him they select to be my husband. his heart's elsewhere; and by securing your own escape now, you may hereafter effect mine. [*Stage door opens.*] The baron! our enraged host! Now! what's to be done now?

[*Christopher retires up the stage.*]

*Enter Baron Ravensburg and Oliver.*

*Oliver.* I tell you, my lord, I'm sure Agnes will be found innocent—but I'm silent.

*Baron.* Be silent, then. And for you, madam, I came to tell you that the priest is sent for, and my son is sent for; and I shan't stir out of this room till I witness the glorious union of the Rolands and the Ravensburgs.

*Ul.* (*archly.*) Your son! your son is absent, then!

*Bar.* He is: but the countess has undertaken to see him brought home; and I don't know who she alludes to, but it seems she talks of catching more troublesome people. [*Here Ulrica makes signs to Christopher to be gone, and he steals towards the stage door, behind the baron and Oliver.*] And so, Oliver, bring me a chair, old Oliver; [*Oliver gives him one*] for here I'll sit.—[*Christopher opens the door, and is going, when the baron hears him.*]—Why, what's that? [*In his agitation Christopher turns sharply round, and faces the baron, holding the door wide open in his hand.*] Zounds! where do you come from?

*Chris.* Come! I come from—[*Amazed.*]

*Bar.* Ay, what brings you, sir? And don't—don't stand staring there with the door open. Either (*beating his cane violently against the floor*) either come in or go out.

*Chris.* Out, if you please, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Bar.* (*pulling him back*) Stop; this won't do. How came you in my house?

*Chris.* (*confused*) Came! why I came from young count Roland, sir.

*Bar.* Oh! you want to see the countess, then.  
*Chris.* Thank ye, I have seen her; and as her answer isn't at all satisfactory, I hope shortly to



return, and take something much more satisfactory. *Looking significantly at Ulrica, and going, Ulrica nods in return.*

*Ol. (coming between him and the door.)* I dare say you do; but—he! he! he! the little old butler will prevent you. My lord, just now, instead of a message from count Roland, this fellow talk'd of your keeping low company.—*(Christopher shakes his head to stop him.)* You did! you actually hinted, that one of our fine ladies was no better than old Winifred Winbottle, a house-keeper—

*Bar.* Dolt! blockhead! *(to Christopher)* when, except this untitled girl, there is not one plain lady, no, nor one real gentlewoman in the whole party; and she, as heiress and sole relation of the high-born countess Roland—

*Chris.* The sole relation of who?

*Bar.* The high-born countess Roland!

*Chris. (eagerly.)* What! you haven't heard—the heiress dare not even hint—Oh ho! *(looking at Ulrica, who beckons him to go.)* But I won't stay, else I could tell you, that if you and your son had purses as long as the dead pedigree of the Ravensburgs, they wouldn't be half long enough for the live pedigree of the high-born countess Roland! and as her relations will shortly be yours, I'll send express for some few dozens from Franconia who'll now have two strings to their bow; for if cousin Winifred Winbottle don't keep open house for them, eed! cousin baron Ravensburg must. And so, yours my lord, yours madam: and there—*(whispering Oliver)*—there's a Roland for your Oliver, my little twaddling old butler. *[Exit.]*

*Bar.* Send express for a few dozens! Without there! Stop that scoundrel! Ulrica, what is all this? Speak, I insist on an explanation.

*Ul.* So do I, Sir—I insist upon an explanation, and I will have one, if I follow that impudent fellow to the world's end.

*Bar.* Stay where you are. In, in, if you please.

*Ul. (trying to pass him.)* Out, out, if you please. *(mimicking Christopher.)*

*Bar.* Oliver, be you her guard, whilst I pursue this false, this infamous—

*Ul. (getting between him and the door.)* Stay.

#### SONG—Ulrica.

##### I.

Sure woman's to be pitied  
Whenever she's committed,  
For being fond and gay;  
And those who cry out "shame!"  
Are very much to blame—  
That's all I say.

##### II.

I never could discover  
Why list'ning to a lover  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Should be miscall'd offence.  
It is not common sense—  
That's all I say.

##### III.

But though the old and haughty  
Pretend 'tis very naughty,  
They think a different way;  
For this, I know, is true,  
They do as others do—  
That's all I say.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A vaulted cavern belonging to the free knights—nearly in the centre a large brazen door, in the archway a practicable parapet, and occasional apertures in the broken fragments of the rock.*

*Enter Everard, hastily through the doorway.*

*Ever.* This, this the far-fam'd court so long extolled for fair investigation? Poor Agnes Lindorf! unheard thou art condemned, prejudged, thy judges will decree thee guilty, and this, thy trial, is no more than the mere mockery of jus-

tice! But I've held converse with the young lord Ravensburg, and if he follow an old soldier's counsel, there may be still some hope, that the accused shall vanquish the accuser.

*Enter Zastrow from the door, bearing Agnes, who is senseless, in his arms—he places her on a piece of broken rock near the wing.*

Speak, Zastrow—is she condemn'd?

*Zast.* No. Charge following charge, her boasted firmness forsook her; and fainting, as supposed, from conscious guilt, she was dismissed; but soon her sentence will be known, and all foresee the vengeance that awaits the count Manfredi's daughter.

*Ever.* Manfredi's daughter!

*Zast.* Ay, that Italian traitor, who, on the Danube's banks destroyed the treasure he was bound to guard, and she *(turning towards Agnes)* imbibing the same kindred hate for those whom loyalty should make her love, late at the banquet of the baron Ravensburg, infus'd a poisonous mixture in the draught of our lov'd prince: but he detecting her intent, the death, thank heaven, she design'd for him, will soon recoil upon herself.

*Ever.* And he, the prince, is her accuser? Mark you that?

*Zast.* I do.

*Ever.* Then mark, *(pointing to Agnes)* is that the countenance of guilt?

*Zast.* How, Everard! when even Ravensburg, her benefactor's son, now loudly in the open court took part against her. *(Everard shows emotion.)* He did; and thereby so increased the prince's admiration—Look! he's here!

*Enter Ravensburg, hastily, in the dress of a free knight, with a paper in his hand, followed by two free knights.*

*Rav.* Where is the traitress? Where the daughter of Manfredi?

*Ag. (starting up.)* That voice! still, still does it pursue me? My lord! *(looking at him with a hope that he'll befriend her)*

*Rav.* Stand off!

*Ag.* This! this from Ravensburg! *(bursts into tears)*

*Rav.* 'Tis past—it is pronounced! Read—read that awful warrant.

*Ag. (taking it, but not looking at it.)* 'Tis past indeed! but e'er I meet my death, I swear by Him who shall for ever live, that I would rather be the culprit thus condemn'd, than those who have condemn'd me: for they, not I, must answer for a life unjustly sacrificed? and when deprived of utterance and of sense, think not 'twas consciousness of guilt o'ercame me! No, 'twas to hear myself accused by him, who, still persisting in his cruelty—why—wherefore should I live! since he, since he is lost: I am most thankful for this final—*(casting her eyes on the warrant.)* Heavens! how! *(reading it apart.)* "Perceiving you were prejudged, I opposed, to save you. The free knight who conducts you to the solitary cell, from which 'tis meant that you should ne'er return, knows of a secret passage. Confide in him, and your devoted Ravensburg."

*Rav. (fiercely.)* Well! have you read?

*Ag. (with stifled feeling.)* I have, and I repeat, I am most thankful, Sir.

*Rav. (to Everard.)* Conduct her to her cell—you know the rest—away, and quick return; for as his highness passes from the court, he must be told the traitress is secured.

*Ever.* He shall, my Lord.

*Rav.* Away! *(Agnes is about to thank Ravensburg, by kneeling to him, when by action he recalls her recollection.)* Away! Everard and Agnes *exit*—Zastrow and other knights are following—Ravensburg stops them. Let none follow; he is alone sufficient to secure a willing victim.

*Zast. (observing.)* Ha!

*Enter prince and train through the doorway.*

*Prin. (looking earnestly around.)* How! gone! 'tis well! for she recalls such dreadful scenes, that, coward-like, I sicken at her sight.—But whither gone? Who was her guard?

*Rav.* A loyal and a chosen knight; they know him well, and saw him lead her to her cell.

*Zast.* We did, my liege; but 'tis my duty to impart, as one of equal loyalty and honour—

*Rav. (hastily interrupting him.)* Peace! he returns!

*Everard re-enters.*

*Prin. (to Everard.)* Now, to your office, Sir! Speak, is the traitress safe?

*Ever.* Quite, quite safe, my liege.

*[Looking at Ravensburg, who shows joy, aside.]*

*Zast. (aside to the prince.)* My liege, you are deceiv'd. Mark'd you their dark mysterious looks?

*Prin.* How!—more conspiracy? Can none, not e'en free knights be trusted? And I, who would avoid the hated sight—must I, myself—Well 'tis but one desperate effort more. Come, follow.

*[Music. Agnes is seen escaping through the apertures: she makes signs to Ravensburg, who, unseen by the prince and train, returns them. Everard partakes in their joy. The prince commands all to march.]*

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—A wood.—Enter Falconers, *sterrally.*

*1st. Falc.* Where is my lord? Where is count Roland?

*2d. Falc.* Giving his orders for tomorrow's journey.

*1st. Falc.* What, our departure then is fixed?

*2d. Falc.* It is: tomorrow we set off for Corbey, there to sojourn awhile with my lord's friend, Marquis Alberti.

*Enter count Roland, followed by two falconers.*

*Count.* Come, brother falconers, break up our rural camp, give the hawks wing, and let another day of pure exhilarating pastime crown those we have enjoyed.

SONG—count Roland.

I.

When the morning shines forth, and the zephyr's calm gale  
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale,  
Follow me, brother falconers, and share in those joys,  
Which envy disturbs not, nor grandeur destroys:  
Up hill, down the valley, all dangers we'll dare,  
While our coursers spurn earth, and our hawks sail in air.

Dash on, my brave birds,

Your quarry pursue;

"Strike, strike!" be the words.

Lalleugh! lalleugh!

II.

O'er plain, heath, and woodland, with rapture we roam,  
Yet, returning, still find the dear pleasure at home;  
Where inspiring good humour gives honesty grace  
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face.

Dash on, &c.

*Count.* To day concludes our sylvan holiday. *(going.)* Why, who comes here? As I live, my merry falconer, Christopher! And I'm impatient to be told the issue of his curious enterprise. Ha, ha, ha! to know if he's related to the house of Roland—

*Enter Christopher.*

Well, Christopher, am I to call you cousin?

*Chris.* You are, my Lord: and with your leave I sha'n't copy our aunt the countess's example,

and not notice those beneath us. No. How d'ye do, my fine fellows—how d'ye do?

*[Bowing soppishly to the falconers.]*

*Count.* Aunt!—ridiculous! My uncle had no wife. I've heard indeed, he had a consequential housekeeper, whose niece, Ulrica, I once saw.

*Chris.* What, you've seen Ulrica? So have I, my Lord: and though it's bold work, life's so short, and love's so fidgety, mayn't I—mayn't I see her again, my lord?

*Count.* What, you'd return? *Christopher nods assent.* Then go—go, and announce to marquis Alberti, that I shall visit him tonight. Mind, tonight! I will hear more of this new aunt of mine.

*Chris. (with great glee.)* Tonight, my lord? And you, and you—*[To the falconers.]*

*Count.* And all. And therefore, till we meet at Corbey Abbey, adieu, most noble cousin Christopher!

*1st. and 2d. Falc. (bowing with ironical respect.)* Adieu most noble nephew of the countess Roland!

*Chris.* Noble indeed! and give me money and a wife, see if I don't support nobility—I'll give such splendid entertainments—

*Count.* What, and like town-bred, ostentatious nobles; only to splendid company?

*Chris.* Certainly not, my lord; for your splendid company seldom invite again; and therefore I'll stick more to the trading line, where 'tis not giving dinners, but *lending* them, to be repaid at high bill of fare interest; and so, till we meet at Corbey, adieu, most noble cousin! *[Exit.]*

*Count.* Now for our sport, which ends not in the field.

GLEE.

I.

When Phœbus' rays no more appear,  
And falc'ners further sport decline;  
When ploughmen from their fields repair,  
And mournful night-birds rend the air,  
Then give me wine:  
And at home the chase shall reign,  
For in wine it lives again.

II.

When loud the chilling tempest blows,  
And winter makes all Nature pine;  
When lowing herds, and rooks, and crows  
Do droop and moan at frost and snows,  
Then give me wine, &c.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—The garden of Corbey abbey, with practicable gates, over which is a projecting tablet, with an inscription nearly effaced. In the back, an ascending avenue through pine trees: in the centre a statue of Charlemagne; on the base of which is written, "Charlemagne grants the power of sanctuary and of pardon to the abbots of Corbey forever."

*Enter Bernardo and St. Clair from the abbey.*

*St. Clair.* Nay, brother, you're to blame. The church, the court, all Germany, applaud the proud election of the monk Bellarmin; for Corbey abbey was too long disgraced by our late worldly abbot's vices.

*Bern.* And our new abbot will retrieve its fame. The monk Bellarmin has no worldly vice. Speak, for I know him not.

*St. Clair.* Not know Bellarmin!

*Bern.* I know some fourteen years are past, since, in the dead of night, a stranger, faint with terror and distress, implor'd assistance at our abbey-gate, and, in return for our protecting care, since join'd our order. I know, beside, that stranger is Bellarmin. But for the rest, what means that pallid cheek, the hollow eye, and those stern gloomy looks, repelling sympathy, creating strong disgust.

*St. Clair.* Peace, peace, Bernardo!—he may have suffered wrongs, but never has committed them; and firm in conscious dignity and honour,



Bellarmin may have spirit to revive what former abbots, truckling to authority; what servile priesthood, dreading lordly power, so long has suffer'd to lie dormant—the edict of our mighty founder, the edict of immortal Charlemagne!

[*Pointing to the tablet.*]

Bern. He, our new abbot! he restore our abbey's ancient and peculiar charter! (*pointing to the tablet.*) St. Clair, he dare not, for guilt and courage ne'er had joint abode.

St. Clair. Guilt!

Bern. Ay; why ever, else, on naming the return of our brave warriors from the holy land, does he betray such latent anger? And, when, last night, 'twas thought their presence would increase the glory of his installation, why such avowed and rancorous opposition? He bears about him hidden discontent, and I will fathom to the lowest depth this most mysterious being! Mark! he comes! observe? observe!

[*They retire up the stage.*]

*Enter Abbot, through the avenue.*

Abbot. Oh thou! who know'st my undivulged thoughts! who know'st how long and fervently I've prayed to root from memory all suffering past, and dwell with gratitude on present blessings, let me but practise what I daily preach, thy brightest attribute forgiveness, and wrong'd Bellarmin shall convince the world, that though their censure stung him to the heart, he feels their kindness with redoubled warmth! He does! the gnawing viper is, at last, extinct! and this auspicious day is herald of his future calm repose!

St. Clair. Now, now, Bernardo, where's the discontent? (*advancing towards the abbot.*) My lord, well met! and whilst all bless the hour the emperor ratified our choice, we much rejoice your honours cease not with your late election—Today installs you in your envied seat; tomorrow shall behold you still more grac'd; for the free knights shall then elect you to the highest rank in their exalted council!

Bern. Ay; in that sacred council which our holy brotherhood so reverence, and so dread.

Abbot. 'Tis well—'tis well—thus chosen abbot of your own free will, not by my seeking, as ye all can witness; for this, and greater favours past, I'm bound forever to obey, and serve ye! Today, I'll welcome these, our sacred rites; tomorrow, far more awful ceremony! I will descend to the mysterious knights, and prove to those, who vest me with authority, no selfish passion lurks within my breast! 'Tis past! it is subdued! and whilst life lasts, I will devote that life to ever crushing my own narrowed wishes, and courting the superior joy of aiding and promoting general welfare.

Voice (*without.*) Help! for mercy! help!

Abbot. The voice of one distressed! Unbar the gates—give them free entrance.

St. Clair opens the gate—Agnes rushes in.

Agnes (*falling at the abbot's feet.*) Protect me! save me! I'm pursued, o'ertaken;

Bern. (*suddenly.*) Pursued!—

Ag. No—not pursued—I scarce know what I utter—my friend, my kind protecting friend! who was conducting me through yonder forest, compell'd to leave me by strong urgent circumstance, bade me seek shelter in this holy pile, till one he named could hasten to my relief—and you'll consent! You pious men must feel, that virtue never seems more lovely, than when her arm is stretched to raise the helpless and unfortunate.

Ab. (*raising her.*) Rise; and, till your friend arrive, confide in one, who train'd in dire misfortune's school, can keenly feel for others.

Bern. My lord, reflect. She own'd she was pursued, and in these perilous, these disastrous times, shall strangers be thus welcom'd? I would hear further.

Ab. What further would you hear? Sorrow, in any shape, should meet with pity; but when it supplicates in female form, we dry its tears, nor wait to ask what caus'd them! Unknown! unquestion'd, I found welcome here, and none yet know the story of my wrongs; why, therefore pry into her hidden grief? 'tis harsh, it is unmanly! come.

[*Trumpet sounds without.*]

Bern. Now, who was harsh in forewarning? Know ye that awful sound? Know ye the free knight's summons? (*goes to the abbey gate.*) Come forth, and vindicate the cause of those who justify the Christian faith. (*Monks enter from the abbey.*) Lo! the accused! [*Pointing to Agnes.*]

Ag. (*to the abbot.*) Do not desert me! On my soul I'm innocent.

Ab. (*who has turn'd from her.*) Away! you have profaned our hallow'd ground! And thus, pursued by those, whose mandates all submissive sanction, I am no more your friend. Begone!

Ag. (*clinging to him.*) Is mine the age for plotting death by subtle poison? Is mine the sex for treason and conspiracy? And if I am the daughter of the count Manfredi, am I to answer for my wretched father's crimes.

Ab. Manfredi's daughter.

[*Turning towards her with emotion.*]

Bern. (*opening the garden gate.*) Behold! read there! (*pointing to the banner, and reading.*) "Condemn'd traitress! Agnes Manfredi appear!"

Ab. Manfredi had no daughter! Speak, e'er my brain burst! his name—the name of your accuser?

Ag. I dread to utter it, for all approve what the prince Palatine affirms.

Ab. (*apart.*) I thought it was subdued—I said the gnawing viper was extinct; but since it cross my path again, may the fulfillment of this new atrocious act be most important to his purpose! For let the vassal world bow down to his imperious will, alone I'll blast the deadly scorpion's wiles, and snatch one victim from his fiend-like fury! Manfredi's daughter! False! false as your accuser's heart! and knowing that, 'tis joy, 'tis transport to protect you.

[*Taking Agnes's hand.*]

St. Clair. Horror! Protect her.

Bern. All gracious powers! thus in defiance of our sacred champions.

Ab. Hear me. If the tribunal be composed of high, unblemished, and enlightened minds, who meet to render free impartial justice, however ungracious be their forms, those forms 'twere idle to oppose; but if they thus condemn—if private malice beat down public good—if made a vehicle to gratify tyrannic power, they prove a midnight sanguinary band; I, sacred champion of the Christian cause, will give a bright example of its justice, by baffling those who prostitute its name.

Bern. This is Bellarmin! this the pious monk! who boasted of promoting general welfare, and now commences his career by plunging us in ruin. But shall we patiently submit to be involved in his most impious rashness? or shall we instantly dismiss the culprit? and, as we ought, give the free knights the quickest means of vengeance?

St. Clair. For th'ingratitude, all join Bernardo.

Bern. (*seeing that all take part with him.*) All!

Abbot. Hold! I implore ye! My motives known, no censure will await me! But, till they are, confide in one who, if before he felt unceasing gratitude for all your kindness, what must he now? when, like yourselves, he can exalt his abbey's fame, by once more sheltering in its holy walls, a wrong'd unhappy, persecuted being!

Ag. (*appealing to the monks.*) Unhappy! most unhappy!

Bern. In vain, in vain; for every where the free knights see; and seeing, every where ap-

proach, and oft by such mysterious paths, that magic-like, they flash on the pursued. Hark! behold! (*a party of free knights are seen descending the avenue of pine trees.*) Guard well the gate! for all who seek not to secure the culprit, partake the crime, and share in the destruction. [*Zastrow advancing, his vizor half up: the other knights remaining behind the trees.*]

Zast. Behold! the traitress!

Ab. (*coming between Zastrow and Agnes.*) On one false charge condemn'd, I trust, I'm confident of all she's innocent. (*Zastrow still advancing.*) Nay, ye, who boast yourselves avenging knights, recall these chivalrous heroic times, when knight-hood's lance aveng'd a better cause, and flew to guard, and not destroy, such helplessness! Reflect, beside, that love for what's divine (*pointing to heaven*) inspires the soul with love for what is human! and whilst religion, with the brightening sun, shines forth to gladden and improve, dark superstition, like the cankering blight, infects and withers every social hope! You pass not further; on my life you pass not!

Zast. Advance! (*free knights rush forward and seize Agnes*) and as ye are commanded (*pointing to the banner*) strike!

Abbot. And as ye are commanded (*pointing to the inscription on the statue of Charlemagne*) spare!—you know my power!—(*to the monks*)—you know the edict of our mighty founder, victorious Charlemagne! who, in return for laurels won upon this spot, first raised our abbey, to commemorate conquest; and soon endowing it with right of sanctuary, next gave the abbot the more blest prerogative of granting pardon, where he saw just cause! I see it now! I claim my abbey's privilege! I stand upon my founder's edict! and kings! laws! armies! must support the man, who, struggling for a sacred right, asserts mankind's and heaven's inspiring cause! (*the free knights unloose their hold of Agnes, who crosses to the abbot; and the monks, by their manner, evince conviction.*) No more I sue for your support—(*to the monks*)—now I command it!—And ye, fam'd foes to sacrilegious outrage!—(*to the free knights*)—proclaim that this, my post assigned to me by providence, I will maintain or perish in the conflict! Lead to the sanctuary—away!

[*Music.*—Agnes thanks the Abbot, who cheers and encourages her. Free knights ascend the avenue, and disappear. Monks exeunt into the abbey. Abbot following with Agnes.  
End of Act II.

SCENE I.—*View of corbey abbey, open country and chateau.*

Enter countess Roland and attendants.

Count. How fortunate! how very fortunate! Whilst I was in pursuit of that low wretch, call'd Christopher, I call'd in at the marquis Alberti's, and heard the welcome news, that my nephew, count Roland, and his falconers were almost instantly expected! Charming! delightful! tho' I didn't see him when he visited Roland castle—though this will be our first, I trust it won't be our last meeting; for, in my mind, his real motive is not to see the good old marquis, but a young fair one, called Ulrica. Oh! if it prove as I suspect, I'll match these hesitating Ravensburgs!

[*Going into the chateau.*]

Oliver enters from it.

Ol. Oh, madam, I'm so glad you're come, for what with the prince, and the baron being absent, and my poor Agnes not yet return'd and the poor lock'd up lady Ulrica yonder (*pointing to a window in the chateau*) sighing for her cousin

Christopher! I was just saying, anybody's company would be better than nobody's.

Count. Cousin Christopher, the unknown impostor I'm in search of. And after I have so convinced the baron!—

Ol. I know—I know you have convinced the baron, that you've no poor Franconia relations; but I do say, as the lady Ulrica has no objection, I wish this Christopher were her husband, (*countess frowns.*) I do; for in that case, she not being able to marry my young master, and my young master being able to marry Agnes, I should see what I hav'n't seen since I lost my sweet Seraphina! a real happy handsome couple.

Count. Show me in, Sir; and instead of chattering about my pretended nephew Christopher, talk of my real nephew, count Roland! who, though to me a stranger, is none to the lady Ulrica, as you call her. (*Horns without.*) Hark! he comes! count Roland comes! and, as I thought—see! towards Ulrica's residence! to sigh and moan under his true-love's window!—Now for it. I'll just step in, and give further orders for pursuing this sham nephew, Christopher; and then, if I don't match old baron Ravensburg, and his capricious son, say I'm no match-maker.

[*Exit into the chateau, preceded by Oliver.*]

Enter count Roland and 1st Falconer.

Count. Behold the beauties of this far-fam'd spot, and foremost to delight the traveller's eye, you venerable Abbey! founded by him whose laurels shall for ever bloom.

1st. Falc. And see, my lord, yonder is the marquis Alberti's chateau.

Count. Happy Alberti! who having brav'd the perils of the ocean, now finds a haven in his faithful Ella's love. Oh! I shall ne'er forget the day they parted, nor that tempestuous night, when many a shipwreck'd mariner was lost.

SONG—Count.

I.

Says Ella to her love, "remember  
"Though doom'd to part, you constant view  
"That moon, which rises in such splendour,  
"I too, will look, and think of you.  
"Anxious Ella shall not sleep  
"Whilst her sailor braves the deep."

II.

But tempestuous is the weather,  
And lovely Ella's wish is crost,  
Vain her watching nights together,  
Successive moons in clouds are lost.  
Stormy winds the forests sweep,  
Whilst her sailor braves the deep.

III.

Swift to the shore she flies, complaining;  
The tempest to her pray'r is deaf;  
When lo! that orb she's so arraigning,  
Shines forth, and shows her lover safe.  
Now no more shall Ella weep,  
For her sailor's brav'd the deep.

Enter all the Falconers.

Count. Now for my friend Alberti's, and there learn more of this same countess Roland.

Enter Christopher.

Chris. My lord, I have announced your coming, and the marquis is all impatience. But what do you think? When I sent up your lordship's message, who should be of the party but my aunt, the countess? And one of the marquis's retinue wanted me to take courage, and go up to her—"for," says he, if she has'n't seen you since you were a boy, and she took up your cousin, Ulrica, on account of her uncommon beauty, who knows, if she once saw you—" You understand, my lord—I'm certainly improved.

[*Pulling up his collar.*]

Count. Improv'd! So much, that at first sight, my life on't, you'll charm the countess.



*Chris.* His words! his very words! and I certainly charmed Ulrica! But then—psa! ridiculous!—you all flatter!—and aunt's there!—*(pointing to the chateau)*—and Ulrica's there!—and tonight makes her wife to that old pedigree—*(here the countess appears at the door of the chateau unobserved, looks out, and listens.)* So go all of ye—go to the marquis Alberti's, and leave me to sob and sigh—Oh, sweet Ulrica!—Oh! h! ha!

*Count.* Well, as it suits—and so good night, most noble love-sick swain.

*Falc.* Good night, most noble nephew of the countess Roland.

*[Bowing as before, and with count exeunt falcons. Christopher with his back to the countess, bows in return—She advances from chateau all joy and triumph, and exultingly goes towards him—countess advancing from the house.]*

*Count.* *(aside and unseen by Christopher.)* So, most noble nephew of the countess Roland.

*Chris.* Oh, sweet Ulrica! Oh, most savage—*(turns, and comes against countess.)* Mercy! do I see right?

*Count.* You see your aunt, the countess Roland, who regrets extremely she didn't see you on your last visit—but you saw Ulrica; and if, as I presume, you come once more to see her—*(Christopher more and more frightened.)* You do; your looks, your fears, your agitation proves it; and to end at once yours, hers, and my anxiety—Ulrica!

*Chris.* Don't—don't alarm the family! Upon my honour. *(appealing.)*

*Count.* When I selected the son of baron Raburg, I hadn't the honor of knowing my charming nephew. *(curtsying very low, Christopher staring, and beginning to brighten up.)* But now I do know him! lest the baron should return and spoil the present glorious opportunity—Ulrica! *(Ulrica appears at the window.)* Look, who's here—and at first sight, he has so won my favour; and so excels these paltry Ravensburgs, that, if you choose to be released, and instantly receive my dear lov'd nephew's suit—

*Ul.* I'll try, aunt.

*Count.* And you! *(to Christopher.)*

*Chris.* I'll try, aunt.

*Count.* *(hastily going to the door of the chateau.)* Oliver! the priest has long been waiting. *(to Christopher.)*

*Chris.* *(going to the door and calling loudly.)* Oliver!

*Enter Oliver*

Show in the nephew of the countess Roland. *(Oliver shows astonishment, and looks at the countess, who nods assent.)* You see! Conduct me to my lov'd betrothed Ulrica. *(countess nods assent, and gives Christopher the key of Ulrica's apartment.)* You see! Lead on, my little twaddling old butler. Lol de rol, lel lol! *(exit, kissing his hand to countess and Ulrica, and making Oliver go in before him.)*

*Count.* There! There's match-making, and here—

*Enter baron Ravensburg and attendants.*

So, sir—have you found your runaway son?

*Bar.* I have, countess—I've trac'd him to Corbey abbey, and he's so closely pursued, that I shall soon employ the priest now, and make amends for my low suspicions about that rascally impostor! that fellow, with his Franconian express! I know, except your niece—

*Count.* *(haughtily.)* I have a nephew, Sir, a nephew now in the chateau, whose name you may have heard. Count Roland, sir.

*Bar.* In my—in my chateau? I've seen—I know count Roland—and such a guest I so rejoice to welcome. *(going hastily towards the door; Oliver re-enters meeting him.)*

*Ol.* And I rejoice! and my lady, my young master, and Agnes may rejoice! for the priest,

quite worn out with waiting for one couple, is now marrying another—is marrying the lady Ulrica to your nephew! He! he! he!

*Bar.* *(to countess.)* Marrying Ulrica to your nephew.

*Count.* To my nephew, sir—to a man as far above the Ravensburgs in rank, as in accomplishments!

*Ul.* *(throwing open the window)* aunt! we're married aunt!

*Count.* Transporting sight! There! *(to the baron.)* Married to her cousin, great count Roland!

*Chris.* *(putting his head out of the window.)* No, to me! to cousin Christopher! who said, all along, that aunt would be as kind to poor, as rich relations! and who on the baron's giving him his choice, this morning walked out of the chateau; but, now, having sent the promised express, and expecting all his Franconia cousins, says, "in," till the honey-moon's over!

*[Shutting the window immediately, and he and Ulrica disappear.]*

*Bar.* There he is again! there's the nephew of the countess Roland!

*Count.* 'Tis false! and I'll be instantly reveng'd!

*Bar.* And so will I?

*[As they are going into the chateau.]*

#### QUINTETTO.

*Bar.* Rage inspires me.

*Count.* Madness fires me.

*Both.* I'll the slave to piecey tear!

*Enter Oliver from the house.*

*Ol.* Sorrow banish,

Anger vanish,

Come and bless the wedded pair!

*Count.* Plague,

*Bar.* Confound,

*Both.* The wedded pair!

*Enter Ulrica from the house.*

*Ul.* As late I travers'd yonder plain,  
I heard a pilgrim worn with pain,  
A traveller thus addressing:

"What can't be cur'd

"Must be endur'd,

"But pray, kind friend, your blessing."

*Chris. at the win- } "What can't be cur'd*

*dow. } "Must be endur'd,*

*} "But pray, kind friend, your blessing."*

*Ul.* You hear *(to baron)*—and you *(to countess.)*

*Bar. } We do! we do!*

*Count. } And you agree! (coaxing them.)*

*I see—I see!*

*We've liberty!*

*All.* Love, true love is crown'd with glory!  
*Viva—viva con amore!*

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE II.—The interior of the abbey.

*Enter the abbot and Agnes.*

*Ab.* An unknown orphan, named Agnes Lindorf, by him, your benefactor!

*Ag.* By baron Ravensburg, whose son has so befriended me. But I detain you from most urgent duty. The great, the good, all, all advance to grace your installation.

*Ab.* They do. But he, this baron, you suspect may know the motive for your accusation? *(Agnes accords.)* Oh that I knew! for I would court each, the most trifling circumstance, still further to destroy your fell accuser's hopes. Well, well, they are destroyed! Long ere this dark tribunal had a name, ages had sanction'd our monastic rights. And let but your protecting friend arrive, you may pass free from this devoted land, to one where unmask'd justice sits in open day, and prince and peasant meet with equal hearing.

*Ag.* We may, we may—and live to recom-

pense thy matchless kindness. But still these awful these enrag'd avengers! Why, why does he delay?

*Enter St. Clair.*

*St. Clair.* My lord, a stranger!

*Ag.* (looking out.) 'Tis he! 'tis Ravensburg!  
[*Exit St. Clair.*]

*Enter Ravensburg.*

Welcome! Oh welcome! Behold the man (pointing to the abbot) who scorned prejudic'd, corrupt compliance—(Ravensburg turns away, and hides his face.) Hah! that look! those tears!

*Rav.* For thee they fall, and for thy more than father! I've watch'd, I've hasten'd from my fell associates—(abbot starts)—Ay, I, by oath, am sworn to be the deadly foe of Agnes and of all who give her aid. But when I know that she deserves that aid, and that this boasted institution's power is made subservient to such lawless crime, as ancient record of tyrannic guilt can give no proof of, I trust that he, who boldly shall retract such oath, is deem'd less guilty in the eye of Heaven, than he who cowardly fulfills it. This for myself—for you, who, singly, have oppos'd this hydra of rapacious power, and in a glorious cause, claim'd the just right of sanctuary and of pardon—how will you meet the tenfold horrors that will soon burst forth on all within these walls!

*Ag.* On all!

*Ab.* They cannot—dare not!

*Rav.* They dare! for her escape discover'd, they sent forth sanguinary knights, who soon return'd, and in full council stated, that one, most nobly acting on his founder's edict, defied their power, and pardon'd the condemn'd! All murmur'd, and all menac'd! til I, declaiming on the glaring outrage of those, who call'd themselves a sacred band, disputing sacred rights, had gain'd some proselytes, when the prince Palatine appear'd, and, like the torrent from the mountain's brow, assailed each obstacle, and swept down all before him!

*Ab.* (after a struggle.) Well! the result?

*Rav.* Most savage, most inevitable! for while in force they come to claim their victim, you, and the brotherhood, are all proscribed for treason and for sacrilege!

*Ag.* And this! this havoc is my causing! mine! a poor orphan! whose death no kindred will deplore, whilst the whole world will mourn my kind defender's loss! My lord, 'tis past! lov'd friend, farewell! and if one victim will appease their rage, I'll hail the sacrifice, and die contented.

*Going.*

*Ab.* (stopping her.) Die first this hated despot! who, ever, fiend-like, strikes his envious fangs, where Heaven most loves, and man's most bound to guard! I pardon! I give sanctuary! and whilst one spark of ebbing life glows here, whilst one small fragment of these walls remain, that fragment may be stained with dire assassin's blood! but a poor orphan, who, I know is innocent, shall live to soar and triumph o'er her foes! Let them advance! ourselves, our abbey, can support some contest, and you bright power! that watches o'er the virtuous, will combat in our cause!—(drums and trumpets heard at a short distance.) Hark! they come!

*Ag.* They do! they do! and see! the prince, in person, leads the furious band! Look! there! behold!

[Ravensburg looks out. Abbot turns away.]

*Ab.* Not, not for worlds, lest, maddening at the sight, I lose all memory of holy function, and rush to strike the murderer of my peace dead in his army's presence! Villain! barbarian!—(swoops.) Oh! the day has been, when these, fair nature's brightest gems, hung on my cheek as emblems of pure sympathy! But now, like

drops of fire, they serve to light the brand of discord and revenge!—come—to the sanctuary!

*Rav.* Unequal'd man! fit guardian of such rights—speak! can my arm—

*Ab.* (taking him aside.) Your father—mark—your father may have heard why she is called Manfredi's daughter. I would know this, and all that you can learn. Now, whilst there's hope, away—and this (giving him a key) secures your private entrance through the western gate upon the river's edge.

*Rav.* I'll seek my father, ascertain each fact, and, far not, Agnes! the pangs of parting will be paid at meeting!

*Ab.* 'Twill do! 'twill prosper! And my great founder's edict thus revived—should they persist in prostituting justice's name, I will throw wide my abbey-gates, and pardoning all they dare proscribe, make it a bulwark 'gainst the common foe! Come—away! *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—a road near Corbey.

*Enter Christopher.*

*Chris.* So, this is the place of meeting—from hence we were to start for Franconia—and not here! Ulrica not yet come! Mighty well! our marriage but an hour old, and keep her husband waiting!

*Enter Ulrica.*

So, you begin, madam—you torment already.

*Ul.* Why, if I do torment, Christopher is only to please you the more—it is upon my honour.

*Chris.* Please by tormenting! how, madam?

*Ul.* Ay, ask the god of love, if it isn't—

*Chris.* Yes; but where am I to find him?

*Ul.* True—where is love to be found?

### SONG—Ulrica.

#### I.

Where does the urchin love abide?  
Whence does he point his dart?  
Say, does he with the doves reside?  
Or dwells he in the heart?

#### II.

No fixt abode the traitor knows—  
On sportive wings he flies;  
Awhile he dallies with the rose,  
Then smiles in lovers' eyes.

*Chris.* He does—in mine; and now I'll tell you—'Tis all out, and I've within me the true, real Roland blood. It seems, the strange old count had privately made aunt his wife; but his estate descending with his title, she thought she might support her rank, by getting for her niece a famous husband—and she has got none, hasn't she, Ulrica?

*Ul.* She has—but, seriously, think not that I staid from idle motives. Poor Agnes has found shelter in Corbey abbey; but the prince and the avenging knights, march in full force to batter down its walls.

*Chris.* Indeed!

*Ul.* Now—now I heard it from the noble Ravensburg, who seeks his father, to hear the whole of Agnes's hapless story. And my aunt's influence no more prevailing, perhaps the baron will relent—at least, I hope so.

*Chris.* So do I—and we won't stir.

*Ul.* No, not while one glimmering hope remains of Agnes's safety and her foes' defeat.

*Chris.* No, that we won't—but go, and plead in her behalf. [Kissing Ulrica's hand.]

*Ul.* That I will; and doubt not, Christopher—Heaven still will guard the unprotected orphan!

[*Exit.*]

*Chris.* Never—never was couple so match'd! so much alike in all that's amiable and lovely! Oh, when we arrive in Franconia! I know one of our neighbours, who will be all envy—baron Donderdronekdickdorff; for though his wife treats him with the most sovereign contempt, he is still obliged to look up to her.



## SONG—Christopher.

## I.

Baron Donderdronekdickdorff said, one summer's day,

"Tho' wedlock's a word that revolts,  
"Whatever our folks in Westphalia may say,  
"I've a great mind to marry miss Quoltz.  
"For of all the dear angels that live near the Weser,  
"Miss Quoltz is the stoutest and tallest;  
"Tho' of all German barons ambitious to please her,  
"I know I'm the the shortest and smallest."  
How I should like the marriage waltz  
To dance with thee, my lovely Quoltz!

## II.

Poor Donderdronekdickdorff, with amorous phiz,  
On tiptoe imparted his flame,  
"Ah! baron!" she sigh'd, "what a pity it is,  
"You are not half so long as your name!"  
"If names," said the baron, "were smaller or bigger,  
"To suit ev'ry size at a pinch,  
"Your name, dear miss Quoltz, to keep up to your figure,  
"Would measure six foot and an inch."  
How I should like, &c.

## III.

The wedding-day fix'd, both the parties agreed,  
That the peasants should dance German waltzes,  
And drink to the future mix'd long-and-short breed  
Of the Donderdronekdickdorffs and Quoltzes.  
To the church, then, on foot, went the ace with his size—  
"What's this crowd for?" cries one of the people.  
"For a baron, who's taking," an arch wag replies,  
"A morning's walk under the steeple."  
How I should like, &c.

## IV.

Before supper, one knight, ere the honey-moon fled,  
They so quarrell'd some wives would have struck him;  
But the baroness took up the lord of her bed,  
And over the chimney-piece stuck him.  
As the servant came in, said the baron, "you clown,  
"Not a word when the guests come to sup:  
"I have only been giving my wife a set-down,  
"And she giving me a set-up."  
How I should like, &c. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The grand aisle of the abbey, in the upper part of the sanctuary.

Enter Bernardo, St. Clair, and two other monks  
[Flourish of drums and trumpets without.

Bern. You hear! Soon the victorious foe will force our walls; for, can they long sustain the shock of such an host? Or if they could—for what? for whom? Are we agreed?

St. Clair. We are: in a just cause we would uphold our abbot's rights; but when such judges have pronounc'd her traitress, and such brave warriors will support that judgment, shall we, upon the word of one who will adduce no proof of innocence—we, the calm advocates of peace, not war—shall we devote our abbey and ourselves to ruin most inevitable?

Bern. No, haughty prelate! we will teach you now, that those who raised you to your splendid height, have still the power to humble and to crush you. And they who this night come to grace your installation, shall view their idol's downfall. Unbar the gates! (the abbot appears in the aisle, unseen by the monks.) Give the prince palatine free entrance; and let the vengeance of the secret knights fall, as it ought, on those who have provoked it.

Ab. (advancing hastily from the aisle.) Who's he dare utter such profane commands?

Bern. Bellarmin! I!—Unbar the gates!

Ab. Forbear! And think not, brothers, that I court this contest, or willingly involve ye in hard office. But we, who, vested with bright mercy's power, can feel the bliss of sparing the unfortunate; shall we, when barbarism, mask'd by pious, plausible pretext, strikes at the growth of every liberal feeling; shall we forego our edict, or uphold it? I say, uphold it! And chiefly on one proof—Manfredi had no daughter! That charge I know to be most groundless.

Bern. You knew Manfredi then! (abbot shows agitation.) He, our new oracle, proclaims he was no stranger to this murderer.

Ab. (with suppressed indignation.) Murderer!

Bern. The worst of murderers! False to the man who raised him from low fortune—false to his patron, the brave prince Palatine!

Ab. To him!

Bern. To him! Who on his brother's, the late prince's death, anxious to see and guard that brother's child, then some leagues distant from the court, despatch'd Manfredi, as his truest friend to be the princess's escort; when, on the way, most artfully dismissing all her train, and mov'd not by the smile of infant innocence, mixing ingratitude with traitorous cruelty, this foe to virtue, but Bellarmin's friend, plung'd his fell poniard in Theresa's heart, and fled, and died the victim of despair.

Ab. Wert thou a winged messenger from Heaven, my father's spirit, nay, e'en fate itself! I'd tell you, vile detractor, it is false! false as thy friend, the brave prince palatine! who fired by daring and ambitious views, besought Manfredi to remove the bar 'twixt him and sovereignty. Manfredi yielded to protect his charge, and artfully dismissed the princess's train to bear her to a friendly foreign court; when galling, dire reverse! in a dark covert on the Danube's banks, outlaws affected what her foes desired—Theresa fell—(speaking rapidly)—A prey to grief and disappointed hope, Manfredi fled—Yon fell usurper gained the wish'd-for seat!

Bern. Usurper!

Ab. Fiend! coward! traitor! Who, to destroy Manfredi's evidence, sought his destruction;—who, by false statement and concurring circumstance, secur'd his triumph—who still comes forth to immolate more innocence! and Corbey's abbot is to share in the new sacrifice! No, though our order teaches resignation—yet teaching fortitude and love of virtue, my founder's spirit shall inspire my soul, and once more Charlemagne shall vanquish here!

Bern. Audacious, impious slanderer! Compare ennobled and established worth with such confirm'd disgrace!—(flourish of drums and trumpets, and noise of walls falling)—They force the outworks! Instant aid their entrance! and hail the downfall of such perjured arrogance!

St. Clair. Come!

Ab. (getting between them and the gates.) St. Clair! Bernardo! who once call'd me friend! and who, on sudden impulse, have drawn forth what I so long and anxiously kept secret, will you desert me at this awful moment? or, to the last contending for our abbey's rights, implore these warriors from the holy land, not to take arms against a sacred cause! She's wrong'd, she's innocent.

Bern. 'Tis false—most false!

Enter Ravensburg.

Rav. My lord, all's lost! The savage and inveterate foe have storm'd the walls, and rush to glut their vengeance.

Ab. (to Ravensburg apart.) And from your father! None—no hope?

Rav. None! He merely states, that dreading he might lose her, who'd supply a daughter's

loss; and fearing to increase an orphan's grief, he cautiously concealed, how, one autumnal night some fourteen years ago, he saw upon the Danube's banks, an infant seemingly expiring. He snatch'd it—sav'd it! and what the mystery might solve, if now such mystery were worth solving—this scarf (*producing it*), encircled her.—(*Abbot takes the scarf with great eagerness.*)—But all is past! and Agnes, dear lov'd Agnes, by the father saved, the son must instantly behold destroyed.

*Ab. (after having gazed on the scarf with the greatest emotion.)* Eternal Providence! Theresa! princess! Oh, great God of Nature!—(*rushing into the sanctuary.*)

*Rav. Theresa!—Mighty heaven!*

*[Flourish. The gates are forced.]*

*Enter the prince Palatine, free knights, Crusaders, and soldiers.*

*Prin.* First seize yon renegade! (*free knights seize Ravensburg*) next force the sanctuary!—(*free knights and soldiers enter the sanctuary by force*) and then no more on others shall her fate depend. This arm—(*knights and soldiers bring Agnes from the sanctuary to the front, all the characters following*)—Now, while all thoughts are deadened in my heated brain, but those of fury and revenge—thus treason falls, and the vile traitress dies. [*Seizing Agnes, and going to stab her with his sword.*]

*Ab. (behind the crowd.)* Forbear! she is your rightful princess!

*Prin.* Merciful powers! who dare e'en breathe—

*Ab. (rushing through the crowd, and approaching the prince.)* Here, in these hallowed aisles; here, in the face of Heaven, and of man, by all your hopes of future preservation, avow your treason, and your sovereign's wrongs, detested, treacherous, murderous villain!—(*prince much agitated.*) See, guilt is on him! Now, ye who had no faith (*to the monks*) and ye who trample upon sacred rights (*to the free knights*) behold how sacred justice is displayed! There's the usurper, sinking with remorse, and here Manfredi, shedding tears of joy at his regain'd, lov'd Theresa's feet!

[*The prince lets his sword fall, and reclines on the arm of Walbourg. Ravensburg flies to Agnes, and takes her from the free knights. Abbot kneels on one side of Agnes, Ravensburg on the other.*]

*Rav. Manfredi! Sovereign!*

*Ab.* He knows it—knows, on her suppos'd decease, this hand inform'd him of Manfredi's motives—and that, disgusted with a sickening world, in calm retirement, he should seek for peace. He sought it here—and in Bellarmin's name, was here most safely sheltered! When, soon, the daring calumny spread wide, of "traitor"—of "assassin"—and the sad narrative perverted, confirm'd the perjurd statement. You'll say I should have answered this? No—aware such in-

fluence, and such arts, would, with such judges, beat down humble truth, kept immur'd! and my reported death checking inquiry, whilst the loud world sung forth the slanderer's praise, I could look inward, and exclaim, better forever undeserved disgrace, than hear applause the heart can never sanction!

*Ag.* My lord, (*to Ravensburg*) though lost in wonder and in joy, and now most certain he proclaim'd me as Manfredi's daughter, to give a colour to each cruel charge! yet can I see a fellow creature, torn with such convulsive agony!—Go—speak—console him.

*Ab. (to prince.)* You hear!

*Prin.* I do! and if Manfredi had, like me, beheld her angel mother's form, the strong resemblance had betray'd the secret, and mad ambition had been sooner crush'd! I sue, I supplicate for death—life, life's the dreaded punishment for guilt like mine! Come—I implore ye!

*Ab.* 'Tis gone! 'tis vanished! and I, who hated and opposed, now feel my edict surpasses even royal rights! Monarchs may spare, yet also they must punish! By my prerogative, I can but pardon—be safe within these walls, till higher power determines on your fate. (*the prince is led up the stage.*) Now hope we to fulfill a far more welcome office, the union of two hearts, that beat in unison, and that, and our forth-coming installation, past—(*music without*)—Hark! they come—the warfare o'er, the sons of peace approach.

*Rav. (looking out.)* Oh! glorious, welcome sight! and let none say the days of darkness are returned, when such desert is crown'd with such reward. My lord, they enter—they expect you.

*Ab.* Why, ay; and if my princess will partake—She will, she will—and 'tis not there that I shall seek reward—'Tis here! 'tis here. (*taking the princess's hand.*)

*Music.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*The installation, &c. All the characters discovered.*

CHORUS.

Hail, hour of glory!

Hail, hour of glory!

Long o'er our hearts may our abbot sway!

Fam'd in story,

Long live this hallow'd and this happy day!

*Ab.* Be ever chronicled this blest event! And now my princess shall with me unite to root out secret subterraneous justice, and fixing it in fair and open day, unmask free knights, and hail the dawn of genuine freedom, and enlightened truth.

FINALE.

Now your lofty pæans raise,  
To our youthful princess' praise.  
Ne'er may such bless'd rulers sever—  
May our princess live for ever!



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